ALL ABOARD;

OR,

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

ALL ABOARD;

OR,

ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL,

WITH

USEFUL HINTS AND FACTS ABOUT TRAVELING.

FROM MANY AUTHORS.

PREPARED AND PUBLISHED BY

REV. A. W. ORWIG,

265 WOODLAND AVE., CLEVELAND, O.

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PREFACE.

A BOOK FOR ALL CLASSES.

I have tried to prepare a book for all classes. By this I mean a book of sufficient general interest, and to many of special interest (see titles of chapters), that all will find something interesting and instructive. I claim this for it on the ground that it is by scores of excellent authors. This, then, makes it a volume, I can confidently say,

SUITABLE FOR EVERY HOME.

Parents and children alike, whether Christians or not, will be entertained and edified. On the whole, I believe it will inspire one with loftier conceptions of life's grand mission, and stimulate to the fulfillment of that mission.

EVANGELISTIC AND TEMPERANCE WORK.

The book will encourage to evangelistic, temperance, general reform and philanthropic work while traveling, giving fresh inspiration to such as are accustomed to labor of this kind. Tract work, as a specialty, is urged, and many instances are given in which blessed results followed the distribution of tracts and good papers while traveling.

It is a veritable arsenal of facts and touching incidents for Christian and temperance workers and the general elevation of mankind.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

Such as are engaged in general Christian Endeavor work will find in this volume abundant material for encouragement, and of a general uplifting tendency. Some of the beautiful incidents and stories in the chapter on "Christian Endeavor Travelers" will doubtless lead many young people into new channels of work, and cause them to engage in such work with greater delight and faith, as also to induce them to seek a greater degree of the Holy Spirit's anointing.

EVERY READER AN AGENT.

Not in the general sense of the word; but if the book does *you* good, it would do others good. Please, then, be an agent at least in recommending it.

A FINAL WORD.

In the preparation of this book Divine guidance has been sought from first to last. And now may our Father's benediction be upon it and all its readers. Hoping and praying that it will glorify His name in the salvation of precious souls, I am, dear reader,

Yours for God and humanity,

A. W. ORWIG.

CLEVELAND, O., April, 1895.

TRACTS.

Many Christians are being more and more convinced that they ought to distribute tracts. The good results often following this kind of work should encourage *all* God's people to engage in it. Some never go on a journey without taking a good supply of tracts with them. Others always carry them. The Bible says, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

An invalid lady tells of ten railroad men being converted as a result of some tracts she distributed among them. Many similar instances could be cited. Another lady writes: "You will seldom find people more susceptible to a live tract than while waiting in a depot or traveling on trains."

TRACTS FOR TRAVELERS AND ALL OTHERS.

I have on hand a large supply of good tracts, mostly of two pages, envelope size, by various authors. Some are adapted for general use, some are on temperance and other special subjects. Others are especially intended for use while traveling. The following are the titles of some of this class: "This Train Goes to ——;" "What Route Do You Take?" "Getting Ready to Start on a Journey," "The Lost Traveler," "Taking Our Religion Along When We Travel," "The Unfinished Journey," "For Railroad Men," "Traveling to Eternity."

PRICES FOR TWO-PAGE TRACTS.—20 cents for 100; 50 cents for 300; 75 cents for 500; $1.25 for 1,000.

A. W. ORWIG, 265 Woodland Ave. Cleveland, Ohio.

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ALL ABOARD;

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CHAPTER FIRST.

HINTS AND FACTS ABOUT TRAVELING.

Good Texts to Read on Leaving Home.

"Not knowing the things that shall befall me."—Acts 20: 22.

"Your heavenly Father knoweth."—Matth. 6: 32.

"Knoweth thy walk through this great wilderness."—Deut. 2: 7.

"Knoweth the way that I take."—Job 23: 10.

"Knoweth them that trust in Him."—Nahum 1: 7.

"*Knoweth how to deliver.*"—2 Peter 2: 9.

Traveler, Carry a Card Like This.

My name is .....

My address is .....

If I am very sick, seriously hurt, or killed, telegraph at once to .....

If you choose, add the number of your watch-case, the number of the shoe, hat, collar, etc., you wear.

How to Time a Train.

Superintendent Alvey, of the B. & O. Road says: "Look at the inside of the outer rail on the opposite track for a minute or two, until you find that you can distinguish where one rail joins the other. Then count the joints, and as many rails as you pass in twenty-one seconds is the number of miles your train is traveling an hour."

Another authority says: "Count the concussions resulting from the car passing from one rail to another, and you will have the same result."

Hints to Travelers.

Among the things that every tourist ought to take along is patience, and, with it, good humor.

When a train is not on time, there is no one so much annoyed about it as the managers of the road. Your worry will not give motive power to the machinery, nor make the passengers feel more comfortable.

You perhaps never took a trip of one hundred miles that there was not an opportunity afforded you to be angelic. You could ask if the window you had raised was annoying your fellow passenger. You could ride backwards, or at least propose to, in order to allow some delicate passenger to sit facing the engine.

There is a world of meaning in the words in reference to our Lord, "He pleased not himself." His example is given for us, both in travel and at home. —*Rev. W. T. Meloy, D. D.*

When You Go Traveling.

Put in your trunk everything that you will need, so that you will not have to borrow anything.

Besides your clothes, it will be well to have with you certain virtues. One is consideration. A visitor equipped with this will be much liked. Another is punctuality; and still another is neatness. Then, too, there is another little virtue which we may call pleasant conversation. These few things attended to will make your visit not only pleasant to yourself, but also agreeable to those whom you visit.

Suggestions by a Lady on Foreign Travel.

For a foreign trip take only actual necessities. Many have regretted taking more than one trunk, as they caused much worry and expense. Some have found hand baggage sufficient.

Only one traveling hat is necessary.

To travel in comfort a woman should carry with her a flannel nightgown.

Be sure not to pack your flannels in the trunk which goes into the steamer's hold.

Two good, plain, cloth dresses, one better than the other, are most important items.

Two or three pairs of shoes should be taken, for you may not be able to find a shoe to fit the long, narrow foot of the average American woman.

Locomotives were first used in the United States in 1829.

Railroad Signals.

One pull of the bell-cord signifies "stop."

Two pulls mean "go ahead."

Three pulls mean "back up."

One whistle signifies "down brakes."

Two whistles signify "off brakes."

Three whistles mean "back up."

Continued whistles mean "danger."

Short, sharp whistles, "a cattle alarm."

A sweeping parting of the hands on a level with the eyes means "go ahead."

A slowly sweeping meeting of the hands over the head signifies "back slowly."

A downward motion of the hands, with extended hands, signifies "stop."

A beckoning motion with one hand indicates "back."

A red flag waved up the track indicates "danger."

A red flag by the roadside means "danger ahead."

A red flag carried on a locomotive signifies "a special following."

A red flag raised at a station means "stop."

A lantern swung at right angles across the track means "stop."

A lantern raised and lowered vertically is a signal to "start."

A lantern swung in a circle signifies "back the train."

The first steamboat plied the Hudson river in 1807.

A General Passenger Agent's Notice.

In the office of a general passenger agent the following significant notice appears:

"*Search the Scriptures.*"

"Thou shalt not pass."—Numb. 20: 18.

"Suffer not a man to pass."—Judges 3: 28.

"The wicked shall no more pass."—Nahum 1: 15.

"None shall pass."—Isaiah 34: 10.

"This generation shall not pass."—Mark 13: 30.

"Though they roar, yet they can not pass."—Jeremiah 5: 22.

"So he paid the fare thereof and went."—Jonah 1: 3.

Railroads in the United States.

There are more miles of railroad track in the United States than in all the other countries of the world combined. These are the figures, at least, for 1894:

United States, 172,000 miles; Europe, Asia, Africa, South, Central and British America and Australia, 167,000 miles.

The number of locomotive engines in use on American railroads is 85,000. The number of passenger cars is 25,000. The number of mail and baggage cars is 8,000, and the number of freight and coal cars is 1,200,000.

When you travel, claim this promise: "The Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee nor forsake thee."—Deut. 31: 6.

Take Your Religion Along When You Travel.

"Good-bye," said uncle John to Will as he entered the cars for a few weeks' vacation in the country. "Good-bye, Will; got everything along?"

"Yes, uncle, think I have. There's my trunk and satchel, and gun and umbrella, and"—

"All right, my boy; but they're not everything."

"What else, uncle?"

"Oh, something more important."

"I think I've got money enough to take me there."

"Not that, my child."

"Well, perhaps you think I've forgotten my Bible, but I have n't."

"I hope you have not, though, you know, it is an easy matter to take it along just for the respectability of the thing. Don't forget to use it. And don't forget to take your religion along. Many professing Christians take a vacation from their religion just as they do from business. Don't do that, my boy. Take your religion with you. You need it. Others need it, too.

"Thank you, uncle."

"Take your religion along!" sounded in the young man's ears as he took a seat in the cars. It made him feel more courteous to fellow-travelers. It helped him speak a word to them. It led him to give a religious paper to one who had just laid down a dime novel.

"Take your religion along?" echoed a still, small voice, as he met old friends in the country village,

and helped him to say a word for Christ. It sounded from the church bell, and prompted him to speak for his Master in the little village prayer-meeting, where a new voice was a great encouragement. It urged him to take the place of an absent teacher, and tell a class of lads how pleasant he found it serving Jesus.

Long after he left, many thankfully remembered the young man who took his religion along.—*Sunday School Times.*

For Women Traveling.

A woman writes: "Let the fastidious woman who protests that she must take a sponge, flesh-brush, bath rug and cut-glass toilet bottles of perfumery, cosmetics and toilet waters on a railroad journey, learn something about the fitness of things. If she has a stateroom and a maid to carry her luggage it is a different matter; but aside from loading herself with these traps, the woman who takes a berth will have absolutely no chance to use them. A sleeping car is hardly the place for a sponge-bath, even though the chances for a tidy ablution were better than they are.

Real tourists seem to consider it an inappropriate thing to read *en voyage*. The right thing is to keep sitting absorbing views, without many ideas in your head, comatose, except as regards maps, and consideration of the outer crust of the earth.

The Best Things for Travelers.

THE BEST TRAVELING COMPANION.—It is He who said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Reader, does he accompany you on your journeys?

THE BEST TRAVELING SUIT.—"The garments of salvation" and "the robe of righteousness."—Isaiah 61: 10.

Also, "fine linen, clean and white; the righteousness of saints."—Rev. 10: 8.

THE TRAVELER'S BEST WEAPONS.—Many carry a revolver, some a dirk, some a sling-shot, and others a club. But the best of all weapons are those mentioned in Ephesians 6: 13–18, as follows:

1. "Truth."
2. "Breastplate of righteousness."
2. "Gospel of peace."
4. "Shield of faith."
5. "Helmet of salvation."
6. "Sword of the Spirit."
7. "Prayer and supplication."
8. Watchfulness.

Do you carry these weapons? They are mightier than all carnal weapons. Thus teaches the Word of God.—*A. W. Orwig.*

Our mighty Protector and Leader says: "Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared."—Exodus 23: 20.

Railroading in Japan.

The railroads in Japan are solidly constructed and carefully run. The gauge is three feet, six inches, and the cars are eighteen feet long. There are first, second and third classes, and the fares are for several classes one, two, and three sen (cents) a mile. The rate of speed is uniformly about twenty miles an hour.

The railroads are partly owned by the government and partly by private stockholders, but the rates and rules for the government roads govern the others also. At all the stations are overhead bridges, and crossing the track at grade is prohibited, as in England. The stations are roomy and neat, the platforms ample, and at both ends of the platform the name of the station is conspicuously posted. The passenger shows his ticket on going through the gate to the train, and surrenders it at the gate on leaving. No conductor enters the car. —*Boston Herald.*

The Hospital Car.

This is comparatively a new thing in railroad enterprise. The car is divided into compartments and supplied with cots, stretchers, medicines of all sorts likely to be needed, and the usual appliances of an emergency relief corps. It is only a question of time when such cars, fully equipped, will be placed on all lines and made available for immediate use in case of accidents.

Water Versus Strong Drink for Travelers.

If the average traveler only feared wine or brandy as he does water, it would be a great gain to the cause of temperance. No matter what part of the world he is in, he seems to have an idea that the only really dangerous drink in that vicinity is the water. If an American travels in Europe he is commonly told by his fellow-travelers that the water there is very bad; it is quite unsafe to drink it; he had better take wine or brandy as a beverage. If the European travels in America he learns the same thing about the water here. A New Englander going west or south is warned against the water of that region. He must take strong drinks or die. Nothing in New England, on the other hand, so imperils a Western or Southern man's life as pure spring-water. Green apples, wilted cucumbers, baked beans, are harmless! but anything which will bring the "drunk" is the safest thing in the world for the man or woman of delicate constitution!

Rates of American and European Travel.

Travel is cheaper in the United States than in Europe. There first-class fare is nearly double the same kind of service in the United States. In France third-class fare is about as high as first-class in this country. In Germany second-class is higher than first-class here. American accommodations and comforts are immensely superior to anything found in European countries.

Then and Now in Traveling.

The early ancient means of travel were very rude, and mighty has been the stride from the old, two-wheeled wooden cart to the beautiful palace on wheels of to-day. But it has been a gradual progress. Men yet living remember the days when stages were the chief means of travel.

Wonderful, what blessings we enjoy by means of the railroads! The fruits of the tropical countries, the blessings of the temperate zones, and the good things of the colder regions are practically put upon our very tables now, and we have come to regard these things as common affairs. Our mail is laid upon our desk before we have sometimes finished our morning meal—everything carried right to our front doors—all due to the railroads.

And further, they have been one of the greatest civilizers on the globe, causing different peoples to rub against each other and imbibe their better experiences and customs and improvements. Railroads have given to us the best, in an intellectual sense, of all lands—the products of the brain as well as of the soil, the fruits of their history as well as of their civilization. In this sense we cannot estimate the blessings resulting from railroads.

If at a public-house or watering-place on the Lord's-day, do not mingle with indiscriminate company; keep your own room as much as possible, and be engaged in such a way as may make the day profitable to your soul and an honor to your God.

Before and After a Journey.

When you expect to visit a friend at a distance, and you write to him or her about it, how proper to quote 1 Thess. 3: 11: "Now God himself and our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, direct our way unto you."

And when you get to the end of your journey, how comforting to read Deut. 1: 31: "Thou hast seen how that the Lord thy God bare thee in all the way that ye went, until ye came into this place."

Dear reader, the Bible has many cheering passages in reference to traveling under the protecting care of our heavenly Father. You will find some of them scattered through this book.—*A. W. O.*

Early Sleeping Cars.

It is just about forty years ago that the idea of a sleeping car for night travel first took tangible form. At first the new sleeping-cars were more popular with passengers than with railroad managers. The railroad men looked at all improvements likely to increase the comfort of travel with distrust. They argued that the more conveniences travelers had the more they would want, and the cost of them to the companies would be enormous. They probably realized that more attractive traveling would increase the volume of travel, but their deductions as to the amount of traveling that would probably be done were drawn from the days of stage coaches, and they apparently never suspected what

an immense impetus to travel, and what an enormous increase in their business would result from the adoption of such improvements as sleeping cars.

The public had its way, however, as it generally does, and in a few years sleepers were running on most of the prominent railroads of the United States.

The first sleepers that were built would not be considered fit to travel in now, but they were regarded as great luxuries then.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

English Passenger Coaches.

The standard English passenger carriage is considerably shorter than our car, has three axles, no end platforms, and is entered by side doors. The first-class car contains four compartments, each with six places, three with backs to the engine, and three facing it. The seats are separated by large and comfortable arm-rests, and there are arm-rests on the sides of the carriage also. The second and third class carriages have five compartments, with fewer conveniences, the former seating eight persons, the latter seating ten. These are the standards, but there are many exceptions.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826–7.

Russia has about a score and a half of "railway schools," in which pupils are taught theoretical and practical knowledge in all branches of railway work.

An English Woman's Thoughts on Travel.

For one, I think a great deal of pleasure and profit can be derived from traveling. Some of the happiest hours of my life have been spent when away from home, seeing something of that which is beautiful and interesting in this great world of ours. A congenial companion is quite a consideration.

I would especially advise young people to take a blank book along, in which to write their experiences. I now regret that I did not do more of this when I was young.

As to hotels, I prefer not the large ones, but those where one can be individualized, and learn more of the manners and customs of the people of the country than can be done in the gigantic hotels. Besides, it has its pecuniary advantages, which many people must take into account. Some, however, who are accustomed to live at quite a moderate cost at home, go much beyond their means when abroad.

When we travel we should keep our eyes open to see all that is to be admired, not only in nature, but in the people among whom we are temporarily sojourning. One of the uses of travel is to widen our views and sympathies, and to help to make us realize the universal brotherhood of man.

As to Sunday, while abroad, many are tempted to be careless about the proper observance of the day. Don't do as others do, if they don't do right. Avoid the usual sauntering around in search of curiosities. Attend divine service, if at all possible, and do not neglect your private devotions.

Getting Ready to Start on a Journey---But What Journey?

The following are merely condensed extracts from an article in the *Religious Telescope*, written by Bishop Weaver:

Almost every person likes to go away from home once in awhile. When a long journey is contemplated, a good deal of preparation is necessary.

We are all going on a certain journey, and a long one at that. Just when we will start, no one can tell in advance. There are two countries, and only two, to one of which each must go.

But what about getting ready to go? Is any preparation necessary? If so, what? First of all, a pure heart. Those who would go to that better country must absolutely have this preparation. Everything in that country is pure, and nothing unholy can ever enter. As no one can tell just when he must start on this journey, the Bible says, be ready--always ready.

Just how long it will take to make the journey no one can tell. When once the river is crossed the journey will soon be made. Here to-day; there to-morrow. The one thing that should concern us most is to know that we are ready.

When we shall have reached that better country, what scenes of beauty and delight will greet the eye, and what unspeakable joy will thrill the heart! Home at last; home forever! But if it be that other country, horror of horrors! Alas! alas! Forever and ever!

CHAPTER SECOND.

RAILROAD MEN.

"I Cannot be a Christian and be a Railroad Man."

Thus said a bright-faced young man on one of our busy railroad lines. "I have tried it, and it does n't work. I get no time to pray. There does n't seem to be any chance for any one to live a life for Christ on board a railroad train. Here to-day; somewhere else to-morrow! No regular time to pray! No time to be alone! Lose sleep, get cross, feel ugly! No spirit to be a Christian! I tell you it does n't work. It may be all right for other people. No doubt it is. Railroad men cannot serve Christ in this world."

This was in answer to the question, "Are you a Christian, my friend?" and was answered as such questions are in a large majority of instances. Without question this young man was thoroughly in earnest and believed what he said, for he spoke from the heart. We talked a little further and the tears came into his eyes. He said, "Yes, I did think once I would stick to it. Yes, mother prays for me. I know she expects to meet me in heaven. I don't know why, but it seems as though I could not give up this life even if I should lose my soul."

While these are strong words and seem inconsistent, and we can readily see how this young man

even could overcome his difficulties with Christ's help, after all we must sympathize with these men who are so necessary to our busy life in these days; but we must at the same time remember what the Bible says about the matter. Among the many helpful passages, this is one: "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Such promises, however, must be used.

A hearty handshake, an encouraging word, a heart lifted in prayer to God for these men as we meet them will help. Let us remember it.

A Salvation Army Engineer.

An express train was derailed near London by the breaking down of a bridge, and everybody was greatly astonished that there was no loss of life. The driver of the locomotive was a member of the Salvation Army. He said that in those few moments before the train stopped, when he expected each moment to be the last, the only definite thought that passed through his mind was, "He has redeemed me! He has redeemed me!"

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long."—Deut. 33: 12.

A Railroad Man's Letter.

I am forty-five years of age, and I am sorry that I gave nearly forty-four years to the service of Satan. Although reared by a kind Christian mother, I was a rebel, and was growing worse each day. But in April, 1893, under the labors of Rev. Sam Jones, I was brought to Christ. Ever since, by the grace of God, I think I have been leading a Christian life. I have had trials and temptations, but, going to Jesus, He has always helped me through. I would not exchange the pleasure and happiness my short Christian experience has given me for all the worldly pleasures I have had or could have.

Some of my associates say they can't be railroad men and be Christians. That is a mistake, my dear brother. You

CAN SERVE GOD ON A FAST MAIL TRAIN

better than you can serve Satan. Did you ever hear a poor engineer, or any other train man that was mangled in a wreck, call on Satan for help? No, he always calls on God. If God is your friend, then why don't you come to Him and love Him?

Some of the boys say: "I am mixed up with my associates so that I just can't quit drinking."

Brother, did you ever go to Jesus and ask Him to help you to quit using it? You just try it. I speak from experience. Before my conversion I could drink as much whisky as any person, for I loved it; but now I have no desire for it, and I have never felt the want of it, and I did not taper, but quit

right short off. And I know Jesus is with me in the matter, for my place of business has a saloon on three sides of it, and not twenty feet to the door of either; and right here I have been at work all the time, and it doesn't bother me a bit. Why? you may ask. Well, it is just because Jesus is my guide and my light; and

I SAY TO MY RAILROAD FRIENDS,

if you want happiness in this world and in the world to come, if you want a happy home, if you want mother, wife and children to be happy, just give your heart to Jesus, and you will be happy.—*Chas. I. Eccles, in Nashville Advocate.*

A Baggage Master's Story.

To the question propounded to a railroad man, the following answer was given: "Yes, I am a Christian. Although I am a baggage-master, consequently a railroad man, I am a Christian. I find a man can serve God and be a baggage-master. At one time it did not seem that this were possible. I used to say it was not; but now I can testify in a different way. I am glad to own Jesus Christ my Saviour and to know that he is able to keep me day by day."

"How about working Sundays?" was asked. "Well, that is a great question. That Sunday question bothered me like everything for a long time, but finally I took it where I learned to take other things, that is, to God in prayer, and he settled it

for me. You may be surprised, but I have never had to work Sundays since. I thought I was going to several times, but I went on my knees about it, and God fixed it. I won't say that a man cannot be a Christian and work Sundays. I will only say that I went to God, and He fixed it for me, and I am glad I am a Christian. I find Christ is even able to save me from working Sundays."

This baggage-master's plan of taking everything to God is a good one for railroad men and every one else to follow.

Railroad Men and Patience; or, the Absent-Minded Traveler.

Talking recently with an official in a large railroad station, he expressed the opinion that no man living so needed the virtue with which the Patriarch Job was gifted as did a man in uniform on duty in a railroad depot. One instance in point he gave by way of illustration: "Only yesterday," said he, "when a train came up to this platform, a man asked me, 'Is this my train?' and I said, 'Where are you going?' He replied, 'Ay, but I don't know, I've forgotten.' 'Well,' I said, 'If you don't know, I don't; you must think, and tell me, then I shall know if this is your train or not'. "And," contined the official, "it was some time before the man could remember."

There are not many travelers so absent-minded as that one, but how many are busy on the journey of life who, if they were suddenly asked the ques-

tion, "Whither goest thou?" they either would not know, or at best would answer, "I hope I am going to heaven."

A Station Agent Worth Having.

Margaret MacDonald, a nineteen-year old girl, station agent for the Lehigh Valley railroad, at Warrior Run, Pa., saved an express train from being telescoped by a runaway engine on a down-grade, by her quickness and presence of mind. The train had stopped to take on an invalid passenger, when she heard the noise of the approaching engine. Supposing it to be a train, she ordered a man to run back and flag it, but at the same time ordered the passenger train to start at full speed without waiting for the passenger. The latter order saved the train, for, although the runaway engine overtook it at the foot of the grade, the train was then under such headway that the shock was almost imperceptible. Miss MacDonald applied for the place as station agent when her brother, who held it, resigned, some time ago. While waiting to get a man agent the company allowed her to run the office, and so well did she attend to the duties that she was afterward made the regular agent.

A Heroic Engineer.

A writer to the London *Times* gives this instance of heroism by an English locomotive engineer: "As a passenger by the ill-fated Scotch express from Edinburgh, I call your attention to an incident

which has been overlooked by all reports hitherto published, the heroism of our engine-driver. After the collision we were looking for him under and around his engine, when word came that, though severely bruised and with one arm hanging off, he had managed to reach the signal-box, some distance away, his one idea being to telegraph back news of the disaster and stop the oncoming second portion of the Scotch express. Upon the arrival of an engine with doctors and appliances, his crushed arm was immediately amputated, but, as I believe he has since died, failed to save a brave life."

Why a Brakesman was Not Promoted.

A fine young fellow was Tom Jeffreys, strong, pleasant and good-looking. He was but eighteen when he first began "railroading," but he could set a brake with the best. When his clear, deep voice announced the stations, people listened and made no mistake. Old ladies caught the gleam of his pleasant eye, and let him help them off and on with grateful surprise. Mothers with more children than they could manage, tired women bundle-laden, and old men recognized a friend and made use of him. Nor were the railroad officials blind to the young man's helpfulness and popularity, and although Tom did not dream of it, his was on the list of names that meant promotion.

The young brakesman's easy-going good nature, however, was a drawback in one direction. He dis-

liked to say no. When the train reached Boston he always had two hours to spare. In that time some of the boys would be sure to say: "Come, Tom, let's go over to the barber's."

Now, this sounds very innocent, but in the barber's back room was a green door which opened on a stairway

LEADING DOWN INTO A DRINKING SALOON.

Here the men used to gather, a few at a time, to take "a little something."

Tom usually said his good-humored no, that meant a reluctant yes, and ended by going. He never felt wholly at ease when taking his beer. He would not have gone for it alone. Over and over again he acknowledged to himself that it was the laughter of his chums that took his courage away, and so things went on. A year slipped by and beer had become almost an every day drink with him, when one afternoon he was summoned from the "barber-shop" to the office.

"Jeffreys," said the superintendent when he entered, "I have been much pleased with the way in which your duties have been performed on the road, in the past, and find we need another conductor." The gentleman suddenly stopped and then the pleasant smile was gone. "Mr. Jeffreys, your breath tells me that you have been drinking."

"Only a little beer, sir," said poor Tom, flushing crimson.

"I am very sorry," replied the superintendent, "that will be all to-day. You may go."

Then the young man left the office downcast, disheartened. What he had been wishing for, what he had so nearly gained, had been

LOST THROUGH HIS OWN MISCONDUCT.

As he thought of it, the good-natured lips took on a firmer curve. The next day one of the boys said: "Comin' over to the barber's?"

"No!" replied Tom.

"Oh, come on; what's struck yer?"

"That barber has shaved me all he ever will!" was the answer.

Although Tom's no seemed very determined in its sound, there was yet something wanting to it. He felt it, and when after a few days the longing for a glass of liquor began to make itself felt, it seemed as if the no would be yes, in spite of himself.

"No use lockin' the barn door now," said his chum; "the hoss is stole, the 'super' knows you've taken a 'smile' now and then, he'll never forget it. Better be young while you can."

Tom still said no, but the little negative grew weaker and weaker; the next thing it would be yes. When this was almost accomplished, spurred by his danger, and remembering his early training in the right, he went into an empty car, and kneeling on the bare floor, prayed for strength to resist.

"And then," he said, "I learned to speak a 'no' that all the men on the road could n't turn to yes."
—*Christian Work.*

"Safety is of the Lord."—Prov. 21: 31.

Why a Young Railroad Man was Promoted.

In one of the large railroad offices in this country is a comparatively young man who is at the head of a large department. When he entered the service of the company five or six years ago, he was green and awkward. He was given the poorest paid work in the department. The very first day of his employment by the company, a man who had been at work in the same room for six years approached him and gave him a little advice: "Young fellow, I want to put a few words in your ear that will help you. This company is a soulless corporation that regards its employees as so many machines. It makes no difference how hard you work, or how well. So you want to do just as little as possible and retain your job. That's my advice. This is a slave pen, and the man who works overtime or does any specially fine work wastes his strength. Don't you do it."

The young man thought over the "advice," and, after a quiet little struggle with himself, he decided to do the best and the most he knew how, whether he received any more pay from the company or not. At the end of the year the company raised his wages, and advanced him to a more responsible position. In three years he was getting a third more salary than when he began, and in about five years he was head clerk in the department; and the man who had condescended to give the greenhorn "advice" was working under him at the same figure that represented his salary eleven years before.

This is not the story of a goody-goody little boy that died early, but of a live young man that exists to-day, and is ready to give "advice" to other young men just beginning to work their way into business. And here it is: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

A Switchman's Good Reply.

A traveler remarked to a switchman on a railroad, "Yours must be a very responsible position." "Yes," was the reply, "but it is as nothing compared to yours as a Christian."

Jesus on the Locomotive.

The writer heard a locomotive engineer relate the following at a camp-meeting: "I am an engineer on the railroad. No one is allowed to ride with me without permission from the authorities. And yet some one is with me, besides the fireman, every trip I make. It is the Lord Jesus himself, but I do not feel that I break the rules by taking Him on the engine."

Salvation by Telegraph.

A young man in Ohio, a telegraph operator, was told that a friend of his, another operator on the road, had been converted. He said, "That may be true. But these Christians tell so many stories of that kind, that I hardly know what to think." He

seated himself at his instrument. He was soon in communication with an office a hundred miles away.

"Was there a conversion in your office yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"It was I;" adding, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

A second telegram was sent: "Will you pray for me that I may find the Saviour?"

"I will," was the answer. "Pray for yourself."

In ten days both of these young men witnessed a good confession before the great congregation.

An Engineer Bound for "Edinburgh or Hell."

A certain engineer was behind time in going to Edinburgh. Some one suggesting that he would not be able to reach the place at the usual hour, he declared that he would at all hazards, adding the awful words, "*Edinburgh or hell!*" But before the train reached Edinburgh it plunged into a ditch, and the only one killed was the profane engineer.

An Engineer Who Prayed at Every Station.

A mother asked her twelve-year old boy what led him to be a Christian. He replied: "Do you remember when we were on a train that I wanted to go on the engine and ride with the engineer? You were afraid to let me till the conductor, whom you

knew, told you that the engineer was a remarkable man, and that I was just as safe on the engine with him as in the parlor-car with you."

The mother assured him that she remembered the circumstances very well.

"Then," continued the boy, "you allowed me to ride on the engine, where I was to stay until you or the conductor came after me. When about ready to start from the station where I first got on the engine,

THE ENGINEER KNELT DOWN

for just a little bit, and then got up and started his locomotive.

"I asked him many questions about its different parts, and about the places which we passed by, and he was very patient in answering. Soon we stopped at another station, and he knelt down again, just a moment before we started. And he did this often; I tried to see what he was doing. Finally, after we had passed a good many stations, I made up my mind to ask him. He looked at me very earnestly, and said, 'My little lad, do you pray?"

"I replied, 'Oh, yes, sir! I pray every morning and evening.'

"'Well, my dear boy,' said he, 'God has allowed me to hold a very responsible place here. There are, perhaps, two hundred lives now on the train, intrusted to my care. A little mistake on my part, a little inattention to signals, might send all or many of these souls into eternity. So

AT EVERY STATION I KNEEL JUST A SHORT TIME,
AND ASK THE LORD TO HELP ME,

and to keep from all harm, until I reach the next station, the lives He has put in my hands. All the years I have been on this engine He has helped me, and not a single human being, of the many thousands that have traveled on my train, has been hurt. I have never had an accident.'

"I have never before mentioned what he said, but almost daily I have thought about him, and resolved that I would be a Christian too."

For four years the life and words of this praying engineer had been constantly present with this lad, and became at length the means of leading him into the Christian life.—*Congregationalist.*

The Faithful Flagman.

One evening on my way to church, in Jersey City, I noticed a flagman "waving a warning" for the incoming train. A crowd stood on either side of the street, impatient to hurry across. The signal was heeded, and I wondered as the bustling throng closed in behind the passing train, how many thought or looked a "Thank you" to the flagman as they passed him.

I stopped the next day at the watch-box, shook hands with him and talked about his work, and then about his soul, and asked if he had heeded the Gospel signal, "Prepare to meet thy God!" He was willing to listen, and gladly accepted the tract

I handed him, saying no one had ever spoken to him about his soul's salvation, and that he needed just the help I told him about to enable him to bear life's burdens.

Oh, for more faithful Gospel flagmen to give the word of warning "all along the line," tenderly urging the Saviour's invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Oh, that these faithful watchmen, who stand upon the track, day and night, through summer's heat and winter's cold, signaling danger or safety, to the passing trains, would heed the cry of the watchman from the walls of Zion, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."—*Jennie Smith.*

A Blasphemous Railroad Official Brought to Christ.

In one of the cities of the East there was a man who openly blasphemed the name of God and did all he could to hinder those who were doing what they could to preach the Gospel of Christ. He had control of the depot at night. Sometimes there were many passengers at once, waiting for some train that was behind time, or for some friends to come to meet them.

One night a Christian worker was one of the company that was waiting, and asked permission to have a Gospel service in the depot. Permission was given, and the service began, but it had not gone on five minutes when this official came up and

ORDERED THE SERVICES TO STOP AT ONCE,

speaking in an insulting and blasphemous manner to the one who was trying to conduct it.

A year later the same worker chanced to be in the same place at night waiting for a train. He remembered well the circumstances, the last attempt to hold services there. He made inquiries for the official and finally found him, and to the great surprise of the worker the official grasped his hand warmly; tears came into his eyes as he said: "I have been looking for you for a long time. I shall never forget that night. I have been in misery ever since. I am a great sinner and want to be a Christian. I'm afraid I have lost my soul. Can you tell me what to do to be saved?"

They knelt down and with many tears and earnest prayers to God, this man gave up everything for Christ and rose from his knees

A HAPPY, JOYOUS CHRISTIAN.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"Yes," said the worker, "I want to have a service in the depot."

"By all means," was the reply, "have a service anywhere, and I will see that no one hinders you."

Many gathered to this service in the depot, and five young men made an open confession of Christ. One railroad conductor fifty years of age, a switchman, and one old man over seventy were brought to Christ by the service.

Railroad Accidents Through Drunken Employes.

The Baptist Union speaks of a certain railroad company as having forbidden its employes to drink while on duty, or to visit saloons and gambling houses while off duty, and adds: "It is in fact surprising that such action has not been taken by all the railroads in the country. No one can say how many accidents have resulted from the incapacity wrought by strong drink." The paper, in referring to the action of the company alluded to, cites an instance, as given by an official of the road, "in which several lives were lost, caused by the fact that the engineer had been gambling all night, and was too sleepy to perform his duty. The engineer's night of dissipation also cost the company $300,000."

A Young Brakeman's Heart is Touched.

A few years ago I was riding on one of our Massachusetts railroads. Very few were in the car, and I was sitting nearly in the rear of it with my seven-year old boy. I often carry with me copies of the little book, "The Royal Railroad," when I travel, and the little fellow is always interested in their distribution.

A brakeman came in and sat down directly behind me. Presently I heard, "Mamma, why don't you give him a book?" I replied, "You may," so he took one from the satchel and handed it to the young man.

This opened the way for a little conversation, in

which he made this statement: "I've braked on this road three years, and you are the first person who ever asked me if I was a Christian. *I guess they don't care much;*" and then added, "Thank you, lady. My mother is a Christian," and the tears came to his eyes as he said,

"SHE'LL BE GLAD YOU SPOKE TO ME."

Were there no Christians on that road during those three years? Was there not one whom God asked to speak to that young man? How many, if asked, would tell the same story? Is there not a duty as well as a privilege here for some one, and may not that some one be *you?—Mrs. H. E. S., in Zion's Herald.*

First Trip with the Lord Jesus Christ."

When evangelist Major Cole held revival meetings some years ago in Cleveland, Ohio, the publisher of this book recollects having heard him tell the following incident:

A young railroad man having asked a friend to pray for a sick sister of his, the friend replied: "I will; but is there not another for whom you would like prayer?"

After a little hesitation he answered, "Yes, Charlie, pray for me," and together they bowed in prayer.

Not long afterward, while away on his train, he sent a note to his friend, in which he spoke of his "first trip with the Lord Jesus," and said he had never been so happy in all his life.

Railroad Men and Temperance.

Over thirty thousand railroad men in this country are wearing a little button upon the lapels of their coats bearing the letters, "R. T. A.," which means Railroad Temperance Association.

Sunday Privileges of Railroad Men.

In this country, of nearly a million railroad men, about one-half of them are deprived of all Sunday privileges. Concerning the matter the *Indianapolis Journal* says: "Among the unions of the railway brotherhoods there is a growing feeling in favor of lessening their work on Sunday, not only taking the ground that they need the day as one of rest and social enjoyment, but that it would tend to elevate the men and make them better citizens."

The Kind-Hearted Conductor.

He had just called out, "All aboard!" signaled the engineer to start, and the train was already moving, when he noticed a young man hurrying toward the train. It was but the work of a few seconds to stop and let the young man on, which was done.

"I came near getting left," said the young man to the conductor, "and would have been but for your kindness in stopping, and I thank you for it."

"That's all right," said the conductor with a pleasant smile, "I'm glad to render favors whenever I can."

Not long afterward the conductor sat down beside the young man for a little chat. Before closing the conversation he said to him: "Speaking about nearly 'getting left,' let me ask you if you have taken passage for the better land beyond the skies?"

"I can hardly say I have."

"Don't you think it would be well to do so?"

"I haven't any doubt about it, and have often thought of doing so; but it has always been the failure to decide to do it *now* that has been my mistake"

After kindly urging him to make the decision at once, and handing the young man a suitable tract, the conductor left him.

When the young man had finished reading the tract his countenance bore a serious look, and he brushed away a tear.

In about a week he wrote to the conductor, saying that his kindness in stopping the train for him had not been forgotten; but added, "I have something still better to tell you. The little talk we had together, and something in the tract you gave me, made a deep impression upon me, and God blessed it all in leading me to Himself."—*A. W. Orwig.*

A Praying Engineer.

Said an engineer to a lady who was distributing tracts on a train: "Just before you handed me that tract, I was lifting my heart to the Almighty to help me take the train home."

"We are Going to Take Jesus on the Engine."

At the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, New York, a man arose and said:

I am a locomotive engineer, and have been a drinking man. God has spoken loudly of late, and called me to whistle down the brakes as to drinking rum. Still I kept on. But I was so troubled that I did not know what to do. There was a revival in our place, and my little girl was converted; then my little boy; and I began to think it time I was converted too; I became more and more unhappy. I could find

NO REST IN THE RUM SALOON,

and felt it was no place for me.

I had no doubt my children were truly converted, I saw so great a change in them. It made me feel that I ought to be a changed man and lead a religious life. Finally I came in here—a fellow-engineer and I. He soon found the Saviour. I kept on seeking, and at last I found Jesus too.

We are going to do duty on the engine—my fellow-engineer and I, who sits here beside me. We are going to take Jesus on the engine with us. We cannot go without Him. Let me have Him along and my hand in His, and it will be safer for all concerned. Passengers will know they are safer with Jesus on board. I tell you it will make a difference.

I want you to pray for me and for men of our profession. I fear we don't get much prayer. Prayer would save a smash-up now and then. Pray for us that we may be sober, God-fearing men.

A Railway Laborer's Rapture.

Thomas Ward was his name; and it is said that when he was converted, his joy was so great that he thus cried out:

"I see Him now. He is here! He is near. He is with me. He is around me. He will never let me go. How could I ever doubt Him? He is my Saviour. Jesus is mine and I am His. His blood has bought me. I never knew what He is till now. Oh, tell them all to come to Him, to come *now!* Tell every man you meet. Christ for every man! *Jesus Christ for every man!* My blessed, blessed Saviour! world without end! Amen. Blessed, blessed Jesus!

A Telegraphist Dies at His Post.

Few positions among railroad men are more important than the man at the "clicker." General Booth, of the Salvation Army, said in an address:

"Remember that brave telegraphist who stuck to his instrument while the flames enveloped him, warning those of a neighboring place of their danger. He died a charred corpse, but the message was dispatched and the people escaped. That's the sort of fighting! They will call you fools and madmen. What does that matter? Many a man has cursed me, and has wanted to fight me before his salvation, but the moment he got saved he wanted to kiss me!"

A Brave Engineer's Terrible Mishap.

A long, well-filled passenger train had pulled out from the station, and was rapidly moving away on its homeward bound track. Suddenly the train seemed to greatly increase its speed, but no one appeared to be alarmed, thinking lost time was being made up. Then there came a long, screaming whistle, shrieking out with

ALMOST HUMAN TONES OF ANGUISH,

and the train gradually slowed up and stopped.

By this time the passengers were sufficiently frightened for a number of them to jump off the train and hurry up to the engine, where already a little group of men had gathered. That which they saw there has been burned in their memory with such horror that they will never be able to forget it. Two men were supporting, one on each side of him, the engineer, a great, broad-shouldered fellow. His face was piteously crushed. One eye was gone, and the blood was pouring from his wounds so that his head and face, and even his shoulders, were horrible to see.

THE AWFUL STORY

was quickly passed from one to another. Somehow an iron rod belonging to the engine had become loose, and revolving with frightful rapidity had caught and thrown him with terrible force against the side of the cab. Blind and suffering, so that he was barely conscious, but with the great thought of duty yet undone urging him on, he had groped

along, dragging himself on his hands and knees, till he could reach up and, with his poor, bruised hands, grasp the throttle, and

WITH ONE HEROIC EFFORT STOP THE TRAIN.

His comrades were tenderly lifting him to a shady bank to lay him down till medical aid could come. He was still standing supported on each side by the others, but his head was hanging on his breast, and with his eyes closed and face so ghastly, he looked more dead than alive.

Suddenly he stopped and straightened himself, threw up his head, then blindly thrusting out his hand with a quick gesture, as if to push away the something which was clouding his brain, he whispered in tense, agonized tones: "Wait—wait—I—must—go—back—my—engine—will—burst!"

Something thrilled the little group with a strange awe. Instantly, almost unconsciously to themselves, every head was bared, and strong, rough men found strange

TEARS WERE IN THEIR EYES.

What a life of duty, done at any cost, must have preceded this day, that the poor, pain-clouded brain could so clearly hear and answer the clarion call of duty now.

The incident softened many hearts, and more than one felt that it was no slight thing in this hard, selfish world to have come in touch with a real live hero.—*Roberta Franklin Ballard, in N. Y. Advocate.*

CHAPTER THIRD.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

A Commercial Traveler's Best Sample.

"Let your best sample be yourself," is the excellent advice given to commercial travelers by *The National Traveler*.

This accords with the Scripture sentiment which says: "Be thou an ensample of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."—(1 Timothy 4: 12.)

A Model Commercial Traveling Man.

Mr. Jacob Furth, of St. Louis, says: "A model traveling salesman must stand between buyer and seller whenever a dispute arises, fully determined to *do right for the sake of right*, even in the scorn of circumstances." A noble principle for all others.

A Commercial Traveler and His Bible.

Men "on the road" are often exposed to more than ordinary temptations. One such said: "Nothing can take the place of my pocket Bible when I am away from home. I need it as a constant companion and guide."—(See Ps. 119: 105.)

Can Commercial Travelers be Christians?

"I tried it once for three weeks, but it doesn't work with me."

This statement came from a man with whom a Christian worker was talking in regard to his soul's salvation. He said further, "I do not know why it was, but Christianity didn't work with me. I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, as I supposed, but in less than a week I was astonished to find I had the same evil nature and was tempted to do wrong. This surprised me greatly, for I had been led to believe by the testimony of friends that were converted that all was changed, and that I should have no more desire for sin if I was really converted. I tell you it doesn't work with a traveling man at least. It may be all right for some people, but I have no confidence in trying again. My mother is a Christian, and a grand, good woman, but she doesn't know the temptations of a traveling man."

THIS MAN'S MISTAKE

is apparent in his statement. He trusted in what his friends told him, and not in the Word of God.

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."—1 Cor. 10: 13.

"To as many as received him, to them he gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." First, to truly repent of sin

and accept God implicitly; then have power to become the sons of God, and to overcome temptations whenever and wherever they may appear.—*Union Gospel News.*

Letters for Commercial Travelers.

"Any letters?" he inquires as soon as he reaches his hotel.

Two from the house, four from customers, and, running them over again—"Are these all?"

"All."

Good woman, did you not write to him? Poor fellow, he was heart-hungry; he left one of the children sick, and your last letter alarmed him. Heart-hungry; and so weary and tender was he just then that a cheery letter, a letter filled with prayers, with sweet invitations to come to Christ, or to keep hand in hand with Him, had been like a nail in a sure place. Don't forget the missives of love and sympathy, and some of the "chatter" of the little ones, especially if it be about "papa."

Enthusiasm in Business and in Religion.

I went into a place in St. Louis to see a friend; and, while there, a commercial traveler came in and said: "I want to sell you some goods."

"Get out," said the proprietor, "I don't want to see your samples."

"But you must," said the man. "I won't get out," and began to unpack.

He became interested, and so did I. He showed

him a fine lot of goods, and sold him quite a large bill. Well, thought I, that fellow is smart. When he had sold the goods, he said to the merchant, "Now, I have one thing more to show you—the best thing I've got;" and he began to go deeper into his cases, and I got up closer, and so did the merchant.

The "drummer" took out a little case and there was a Bagster Bible; and as he turned the leaves, he said, "This is better than all earthly possessions. It is God's Word. Sir, are you a Christian?"

This man had enthusiasm, both in business and in the Christian life.

The Moral Dangers of Commercial Travelers.

Almost constantly "on the go," you are certainly greatly exposed to physical dangers. But the *moral* dangers are greater. To resist is well; and "fight" may be the word which most fitly describes your occasional conflict with unworthy overtures. But yet show I unto you a more excellent way. It must be as true "on the road" as elsewhere that a clean, pure, intelligent and Christ-like manhood is its own defence. Put five commercial travelers in the same car—three low-minded and of the baser sort, and two pure, cultured men; in two hours the clean will have found the clean; the low, the low. Birds of a feather will flock together. Indeed, all that makes manhood protects manhood. Allow me

to specify a few things which it may be well for you not lightly to pass by. I trust they shall have even your prayerful consideration.

IN THE MATTER OF READING,

yours perhaps consists very largely in poring over the daily newspapers, filled with politics, accounts of fights, murders, all sorts of accidents and crimes, scandals, and idle gossip generally. I venture to assert that no man can dwell, day after day, in the exclusive society of the average newspaper without *suffering in the loss of moral and intellectual character*. How important, then, also to carry with you a few religious newspapers and magazines, not forgetting the Book of books!

THE DRINK HABIT.

Beware of this! Perhaps you are already under its power. Do not think that, in order to sell goods to a certain class of men you must first "treat." Even that class of men will respect you the more for sobriety and general good demeanor.

SUNDAY IS A PECULIAR DAY

with the commercial traveler. The Lord preserve thy going forth and thy coming in to Sunday!

Oh, what a day is Sunday in a great hotel! The loiterers to breakfast; the barber's shop crowded till noon; the meeting of friends; the listless talk of business in a dull way; the smoking of numberless cigars; the baser ones passing in and out of the bar. How few wander off to find a church, a diffi-

cult thing to find unless one's heart is in earnest. Shall life be thus passed to the end? In God's name find the place of worship! Of all times, you need it when away from the home circle.

Complimentary to Commercial Travelers.

The commercial traveler plays a much more important part in the country's affairs than most men imagine. It is he more than any other citizen who feels the pulse of trade; and it is the commercial traveler who more or less directs the condition of business. A good commercial traveler is a veritable dictionary of information. He is thrown into all classes of trade, and must learn the condition of business, and therefore is best able to suggest remedies in times of dullness.—*Boston Shoe Recorder.*

A Suggestion from a Commercial Traveler.

I would like to see a library in every hotel. A stranger frequently wants to refer to an encyclopedia or a dictionary. Then again he wants something to read on Sunday, and the books to be found at the book-stands are not of the most elevating character. A small but well selected library would do much to make life at a hotel more attractive.—*Commercial Traveler's Home Monthly Magazine.*

We suggest that "All Aboard" would be a suitable volume for such a library, or for the most public place in any hotel.—*A. W. O.*

For What House Do You Travel?

Commercial traveler, here are a few pointed questions for you:

For what house are you traveling? 2 Cor. 5: 1.
What line of goods do you carry? Gal. 5: 22, 23.
What are your prices? Isaiah 55: 1.
What is your route? Jer. 50: 5.

Four Commercial Travelers Tell the Nature of Their Business.

In a certain New England city four commercial travelers met for the first time, at the table. With that geniality peculiar to the craft, they soon engaged in conversation. In a few moments one of them said:

"Gentlemen, suppose we begin, being all strangers, with the gentleman opposite me, to introduce ourselves and our firms' business."

To this they unanimously consented.

Said No. 1: "I am —— ——, and I represent the house of X. Y. Z., selling

GLASS BOTTLES."

Said No. 2: "Well, gentlemen, perhaps it is no chance that I come next, for I represent P. D. Q.; I am —— ——, and I sell

THE STUFF THAT GOES INTO THE BOTTLES.

I sell wines and liquors.

There was a moment's silence, when No. 3. said: "That, gentlemen, does seem a little strange, but

perhaps there is a little fatality about this. I am —— ——, of the firm of L. X. W.,

DEALERS IN UNDERTAKERS' GOODS."

No. 4. now remained silent, and suggested that it would be well not to pursue the subject further, and that it had been well never to have started it.

After much urging to complete the chain, he said: "Gentlemen, it is indeed a fatality; I am —— —— of D. E. B., and I am

TAKING ORDERS FOR GRAVESTONES."

What a striking temperance lecture compressed into a few words!

A Point of Law for Employe and Employer.

A merchant in Chicago sent one of his traveling salesmen to Michigan, and upon his return asked him if he had canvassed a certain town for orders. The salesman replied that he had done so.

Subsequently the merchant learned that the salesman had not visited the town in question, and discharged him for lying. The man then began an action to compel payment of his salary as agreed upon in a contract which both had signed.

In a trial the defence of the salesman was that if he did make a false statement it did not result in any damage to the interests of his employer, and consequently that it did not afford grounds for annulling the contract.

The judge decided in favor of the merchant, holding that a lie told by an employe to his employer invalidates the contract of employment.

Christ Can Keep Commercial Travelers.

A commercial traveler testified at a camp-meeting: "Christ keeps me on the road, in the hotels, and at my business, wherever I go. But I need constantly to *look* to Him for keeping power."

Praying for Commercial Travelers.

We ought to pray more than we do for the commercial traveler, sometimes called the "drummer." He is almost constantly from home. He is particularly exposed to the temptations which beset young men in our towns and cities. He often lives luxuriously, and is sometimes even required to do so; must lodge at the best hotel, must have the best suite of rooms it furnishes; may drink, without additional expense to himself, its best wines. What but the grace of God can keep a young man, thus tempted, from falling into sin? Let us not neglect to pray for him.—*The United Presbyterian.*

The Commercial Traveler on Leaving Home.

A shadow is on every face of the little group, a dull load on the heart; yet no one speaks to name why. Indeed, little is said on any topic till breakfast is over. Then that well-worn bag, stout built but red at the corners with much handling. How the woman hates to bring out that bag! Yet she's been busy over it for the last twenty-four hours, dropping shirts and socks and the children's photo-

graphs and tears and prayers into it. She even wishes she were the bag and could go.

Then last words—and he laughs, she laughs; but the children, more honest, cry. Gone! An hour at the store; then that other bag. Packed. Off.

Now, may God keep him! May he be able, as those ancient Hebrew travelers going from home up to Jerusalem, to sing, "God shall not suffer thy foot to slide. He that keepeth thee shall not slumber, a shade upon thy right hand and upon thy left. He shall keep thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, even forevermore."

Traveling Salesmen Getting Letters from Home.

Said one man to another at their hotel: "Here is a letter from my best girl," and he held up a dainty square missive.

"From your best girl," echoed his companion in surprise. "I thought you were a married man."

"So I am," was the reply, "but that does not prevent me from getting a letter from my best girl."

After a little more chaffing the man with the little square envelope said: "This is truly from my best girl. It is from my little daughter, who has just learned to write me a few lines. It is a great comfort for me to hear from the darling." The man then showed the closing words of the letter, which were "God bless papa," and there was moisture in his eyes as he folded the letter, touched it to his lips, and put it in his pocket.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A Commercial Traveler Converted in a Store.

At White Pigeon, Mich., the Rev. J. H. Weber, evangelist, put up some large posters with these words on them: "Are you saved?" "Are you prepared to die?"

In a store where one of these posters had been put up, a traveling salesman, on seeing it, said, "I'm thinking of how to live instead of to die." At this he began to show his samples, but could not keep his mind from the words on that poster, and feeling their force more and more, began to talk about them. The result was, he was saved before leaving the store.—*From "Revival Tornadoes."*

A "Drummer's" Scheme That Did Not Work.

A young lady stenographer in a wholesale business house, who often hears commercial travelers tell their experiences, furnishes the following expressly for this volume:

Said one of these men: "I never asked but one buyer to drink with me in order to secure his patronage, and I was so heartily ashamed of it, that I vowed at the time I never would do it again, and I never have.

"I never drink myself," he continued, "but I was told that the buyer of this certain house never gave a big order unless he were first 'warmed up pretty well by a good glass of whiskey.' I made up my mind to ask him to drink with me, and, with my order book in hand, I entered his store, quite

confident of the success of my little scheme. After shaking hands with him, I slapped him familiarly on the back, and suggested that we go out and take a drink before we talked business."

"He looked at me from head to foot, with a sort of contempt, and then very decidedly said, 'No, young man, I don't care to drink with you this morning,' and without another word he turned and entered his private office, closing the door after him.

"I was greatly chagrined and humiliated, as I left the store, and fully believe if I had approached that man in my usual way, I could have taken his order.

"No, I shall never tackle a man in that way again, and have thoroughly made up my mind that if I cannot take his order by fair means, I'll not try to get it by foul means."

A Commercial Traveler Outspoken for the Right.

A successful evangelist tells, in the *Ram's Horn*, what great results came from a simple stand for Christ when he was a commercial traveler. He had made a good sale, and the merchant said, "It is your treat." He knew what that meant. There was a saloon across the street, and he was expected to go over and "set up the drinks" for the whole establishment.

"What is the use," he said to himself, "this is one of the expedients of the trade. I need not

drink anything, I can order the cigars, or a supper, or ——"

"Yes," something said to him, "you can just sell out right here and make a wreck of it all."

"Boys," he said in the new inspiration sent to him from above, "if I should do that, I would do the meanest thing in all the world, and if you'll bear with me I'll tell you why. I have just come up from the very gates of death and hell through strong drink, and if I did what you ask, I'd do the meanest thing in all the world both for you and myself."

Instantly the cashier leaped down from the desk. "Have you got a pledge? I'll sign it."

And the merchant afterward took the commercial traveler aside to say, "I promise you I'll never drink another drop as long as I live."

It pays to be outspoken for the right. Try it.

Generosity of Commercial Travelers.

As the train halts, a benevolent old gentleman rises in the car's end to speak of "a poor lady in the next car, robbed, alone, friendless, with two children, whom it is proposed to help as the train moves on." Then, amid sounds and bounce of the moving train, he approaches Mrs. De la Mountain, who dips a diamond-loaded finger in portmonnaie for twenty-five cents. The Hon. Mr. Inflation is too busy reading. Mr. Hardmoney, an Eastern banker, gives a dollar; and so indeed fall the scanty gifts of givers to whom God has given much. And

now to the smoking-car, where is the commercial traveler—four of them, indeed—and I am sorry they are there. The story is told: "Yes, a five from me." "And five from me." "I." "I." A ready rivalry of good works. "And say, sir, see that the poor creature does not want, even if you come again."

The Skeptical Commercial Traveler Who Changed His Mind.

One of the overland trains coming through Nebraska on the Union Pacific Railroad, several years ago, after the long trip through the mountains and over the plains, was nearing Omaha. The passengers in one of the cars, as nearly always happens on trans-continental trains, had gradually gathered into little groups, made themselves known to their fellow-travelers, and were passing the time by social chat. One of these groups was composed of a couple of tourists returning East after a season of sight-seeing, a commercial traveler, and two cowboys, and, a little to one side, a member of the group, but not taking part in the discussion, sat a minister—one of the hardy frontier type.

The commercial traveler, naturally enough, led all discussions. The conversation finally turned on religion—something of which but one of the group, the minister, knew ought by experience. The drummer was a skeptic, and went on to remark:

"Well, you can say what you please, I do not believe a word about this future life and resurrec-

tion, and all that sort of stuff. Gentlemen, I will tell you what I would do—I would take twenty-five cents right now for all the chance of heaven I have got now or ever expect to have."

The minister took a nearer seat.

"My friend," said he, "be careful. You cannot afford to make any rash statements."

"I mean just what I said," retorted the man.

"I will take you up," said the clergyman. "I have only one chance of heaven myself, and I am sure I need as many as I can get. This will be the best investment I ever made. Here is your quarter, and here is my address," handing the drummer a card. "If you ever want to go back on this bargain, just drop me a line, and I will make it all right with you. I should certainly be glad to have you change your mind. You are making a bad bargain, but just as you say."

And the minister got up, and going leisurely to the other end of the car, took a drink of water.

Somehow or other the conversation lagged. The drummer looked down at the floor; the cowboys seemed to search in vain for something in their pockets, and the tourists turned their faces toward the window, but the vacant look in their eyes showed their thoughts were elsewhere. After a while the minister returned. The drummer was getting nervous.

Well, parson," said he, "if you are willing, we will call the trade off. Here is your quarter. I do

not want it. I am thinking I will take that chance myself.

THE LORD KNOWS, I AM BAD ENOUGH.

It is the only chance I have got, and I have decided to make the best use of it I know how."

The minister put the quarter in his pocket, shook hands heartily with the drummer, and the train whistled for Omaha. Nothing more was said; and the porter of the car, as he watched them get off the train, wondered why that group of six, that had been so jovial clear through, had such a serious look on their faces.—*Pacific Ensign.*

A Traveling Salesman Meets Sudden Death.

While I was a pastor in a certain town, some years ago, a commercial traveler, living in that town, was one day standing near the depot, awaiting the arrival of the train on which he expected to leave. Standing very near the track, and while the noise about the place prevented him from hearing an incoming train, he was knocked down and killed. He was known to have been a bad man.

Commercial traveler, your vocation exposes you to constant danger. How would it be with you were you suddenly to lose your life? Would your soul be safe?—*A. W. Orwig.*

"All aboard" for the train bound for the celestial city on high!

A Commercial Traveler's Business Card.

Mr. S. H. Bolton, of Austin, Ill., a Christian commercial traveler, has the following on the back of his business card, printed in red, green and black:

PSALM I.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE GODLY.

1. *Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of *sinners*, nor sitteth in the seat of the *scornful*.

2. But his *delight* is in the *law* of the *Lord*; and in his law doth he *meditate* day and night.

3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; *and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*

THE UNHAPPINESS OF THE UNGODLY.

4. †The ungodly are not so: but are like the *chaff* which the wind driveth away.

5. Therefore the *ungodly* shall not *stand* in the *judgment*, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6. For the Lord *knoweth* the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall *perish*.

MAN'S ONLY SAFETY.

‡Extreme ground in morals is the only *safe* ground. Leaving a *sure* position for a *dangerous* one is not a wise course for *any* man. He who steps off the edge of a roof, in the hope of stopping half-way down, is pretty *sure* to go to the bottom.

So in the matter of *wine-drinking*, of *impurity*, of *speech* or act, of *untruthfulness*, of *gambling*, of using trust funds, and of all forms of immorality,—total abstinence is *safe*, while moderate indulgence is *final ruin*.

WHY?

*Red, because red is the color of blood, and *blood* is emblematical of life, so the godly are the only people promised eternal life.

†Black, because black is the color of *death* and is emblematical of sin, so the sinner is already dead in trespasses and in sins.

‡Green, because green is the color of *hope*, so man's only hope is, living a pure life made possible by the power of God.

A Haven of Refuge for Commercial Travelers.

I mean more particularly the Young Men's Christian Association. It is indeed a haven of refuge to which this class of men may and need to flee as they enter our large towns and cities. Many years ago, when somewhat actively connected with Y. M. C. A. work, and especially at the Association's Sunday afternoon meetings, did I hear traveling men testify to the great benefit of attending those meetings. They declared how that, after the temptatations and religious deprivations incident to their calling, they went from such services strong in the Lord to battle against sin. Let others of this class seek the same refuge.—*A. W. Orwig.*

The Drummer of To-Day.

The *Houston Post*, (Texas), has this to say about this well-known class of men:

He who has not met a drummer in his life has been robbed of much sunshine. The drummer is a remarkable being. He rises while it is yet night, and runs to catch the first train out, to get ahead of a rival firm. He lies awake at night and plans his sales for the morrow. He trudges through rain and snow and lays the foundation for rheumatism. He goes without his meals and invites a good case of dyspepsia, and all this for the sake of his house. He hustles and pushes for "biz" from morning till night as long as there is any order in sight. He sees a new sign on a store and smells an order afar off. He robs himself of a home and engages in a ceaseless struggle to win trade. He goes into a store and is told that there is nothing wanted in his line, but he immediately sits down, tells a yarn, talks religion, or perhaps politics, and, behold, he goes away with a big order. This is a true picture of the man selling goods on the road; and who can withstand the man of iron nerve—the drummer of to-day?

Here is a good sentiment for the commercial traveler as well as for others:

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—Romans 12: 11.

"The Lord thy God is with thee whithsoever thou goest."—Joshua 1: 9.

Commercial Travelers' Circle.

The following historical article is taken from a paper published in 1891—author unknown:

We have no more interesting circle of men than that called "The Commercial Travelers' Circle," which started with the idea of one young man, who laid before those interested the great dangers and temptations to which the commercial traveler was constantly exposed, and not only that, but the great damage a traveler, if not an honorable and a Christian man, might do in passing from place to place.

The very fact that they are entirely removed from all the restraint of home, that any failure to live up to the ordinary moral standard is not likely to be discovered at home, makes peculiar temptations.

The Circle numbered only one or two to begin with, when organized did not include a dozen men, but these declared themselves not only willing, but

EAGER TO WEAR THE CROSS,

and to wear it where other men might see it, in order that they might ask what it meant and learn the significance of it, to those who meant to live to honor the cross of Christ.

The Circle made its own regulations, including among other things the determination, wherever they remained long enough, to show their allegiance to the Master whom they were ready to serve; instead of frequenting the saloons, they attend the prayer-meeting in the places where they remain for a sufficient length of time, and instead of seeking

their own pleasure, regardless of the harm they may leave behind, they seek to leave at every point they touch, more than it would have known if they had not stopped.

Especially they try everywhere to be helpful to the

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Starting with a small number, they gave a membership of 72 young men in their first report, and a record of such noble efforts in all manly and honorable directions makes the Circle one whose influence cannot be represented either by numbers or words. We hope for large increase to this army of Christian young men.

Whom Do You Represent?

Commercial traveler, whom do you represent—Christ or Satan?

Would Christ spend his evenings as you do?

Would the company you keep be pleasing to Christ, to your mother, wife or sister?

Don't work for the one who will fail soon.—*H. G. Gibbud.*

At hotels, on trains, in the stores, in many places and in every place the commercial traveler must be a man among men—a gentleman always.

Commercial travelers, as a class, are the closest of observers and the most entertaining narrators of curious and interesting facts in the world.

"The Drummer Evangelist."

Mr. John DeWitt, of New York, who is known the country over as the "drummer evangelist," was formerly a commercial traveler, and he became noted by evangelistic work done while on his tours. He is now the general field secretary of the auxiliary department of the Salvation Army.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Commercial Travelers' Home Association of America.

This is the name of a very extensive and influential organization, having members all over the land. "Its simple but far-reaching plan is to maintain a home for the indigent commercial travelers, their wives and children, and to educate the latter; also a home for the widows and orphans of commercial travelers." Said Home is located in Binghamton, N. Y., in which city is also published the official organ of the Association, a very large and ably edited monthly, called "The Commercial Travelers' Home Monthly Magazine." The Association is a very worthy institution, deserving of liberal support.—*A. W. Orwig.*

How a Traveling Salesman Was Brought to Christ.

"Nearly gone that time!" said he to a visiting clergyman, as he spoke of the severe injury received during a railroad accident. "But," he added, "since I've lain here, thinking of my narrow escape from death, my heart has been deeply touched, and I have also given my heart to the Lord Jesus."

Commercial Travelers.

The following good article on "Commercial Travelers," by Mr. C. L. Tambling, of Oberlin, Ohio, was written expressly for this volume, at the request of the publisher:

Twenty years ago the term "drummer" was regarded as synonymous with *bummer*. Manufacturers thought that a traveling agent must, of necessity, be a man who could buy trade with a drink or a cigar. As a result of this *false* impression, drinking men were largely employed as traveling salesmen.

As late as the Murphy temperance movement, I was introduced by a certain pastor to his congregation as "a representative drummer from

THE BUMMER ELEMENT,

known as commercial travelers"! He said he was not acquainted with the man who, but a moment before, had been introduced to him as a traveling man. But as the audience wished to hear from all classes, he would introduce the man as from the class of drummers who are generally considered as bummers. I thanked him kindly for the introduction. And when I stated that

I HAD BEEN A TOTAL ABSTAINER

from earliest childhood, and that for many years I had been mistaken, among strangers, for a Gospel minister, the cheers from the audience were simply deafening.

Whatever else of good the Murphy agitation accomplished, it certainly brought about a great change

for the better in the traveling fraternity. It brought out the fact that many of the best salesmen had been ruined by drink; and that temperance men, in the long run, had been most successful.

In later years, about the first question asked by those who employ a man for the road is,

"DOES HE DRINK?"

And if this question is answered in the affirmative, the applicant is, as a rule, not wanted; consequently commercial travelers, at the present day, are, generally speaking, temperate men. And many of them are not only total abstainers, but are also among our most active

TEMPERANCE AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

On a certain Sabbath day Dr. Deems, of New York, preached a sermon to a convention of commercial travelers from the text, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." It was held that traveling men, as a class, were not excelled by any other class. And that for health, strength, vigor of youth, and push, they excelled. And that, because of their diligence in business, they were called to stand before the kings of commerce in the markets of the world.

Whether we "do business in great waters" (Ps. 107: 23), or on the land, let us not only be "diligent" in every honorable avocation, but also "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." (Rom. 12: 11.)

CHAPTER FOUR.

CLERGYMEN TRAVELING.

A Traveling Clergyman and a Highway Robber.

As the Rev. John Wesley was at one time traveling on horseback, he met a highway robber who demanded his money. Mr. Wesley stopped and said to him:

"The time may come when you may regret the course of life in which you are now engaged. Remember this: '*The blood* of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.'" Years after, he was met by the same man, who told him that he had been led to Christ through the influence of that verse.

A Clergyman Asked to Play Cards.

On a certain occasion, while the Rev. William Tennent was traveling, he stopped at a hotel, where a man asked him to join him in a game of cards.

"With all my heart," said Mr. Tennent, "if you can convince me that thereby I can serve the Master's cause. I am a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I am sent on His business, which is to per-

suade mankind to repent of their sins, to turn from them, and to accept that happiness and salvation which is offered in the Gospel."

This very pertinent reply, made in a tender and affectionate manner, so engaged the attention of the company, that cards were laid aside, and an opportunity was offered of explaining in a familiar way some of the most important practical doctrines of the Gospel, to the satisfaction and apparent edification of the hearers.

The Rev. Dr. Beecher and the Atheist on a Boat.

Many years ago a Presbyterian synod and an infidel convention were in session at the same time, in Albany, N. Y., and it so happened that both closed the same day.

Next morning several members of the synod were on board the boat for New York, and among them the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher.

There was likewise on board a young man, a member of the convention. He was very talented and intelligent, and presented a bold front in favor of infidelity.

Dr. Beecher, in replying, also calmly urged the claims of Christianity. Years afterward it was learned that within several months from that time the young man renounced his infidelity and became a Christian. He admitted that it was the result of Dr. Beecher's arguments, and the Scriptures presented, under the blessing of God.

A Noted Clergyman Renders a Kindly Service While Traveling.

A writer tells, in the *Boston Gazette*, of a lady who was traveling from Providence to Boston with her weak-minded father. Before they arrived there he became possessed of a fancy that he must get off the train while it was still in motion; that some absolute duty called him. His daughter endeavored to quiet him, but it was difficult to do it, and she was just giving up in despair when she noticed a very large man watching the proceedings intently over the top of his newspaper. As soon as he caught her eyes he arose and crossed quickly to her.

"I beg your pardon,' he said, "you are in trouble. May I help you?"

As soon as he spoke she felt perfect trust in him. She explained the situation to him.

"What is your father's name?" he asked.

She told him, and with an encouraging smile he bent over the gentleman who was sitting in front of her, and spoke a few words in his ear. With a smile the gentleman arose, crossed the aisle and took a vacant seat, and the next moment the large man had turned over the seat, and toward the troubled old man, had addressed him by name, shaken hands cordially, and engaged him in a conversation so interesting and so cleverly arranged to keep his mind occupied, that he forgot his need to leave the train, and did not think of it again until they were in Boston. Here the stranger put the lady and her charge into a carriage, received her

assurance that she felt perfectly safe, had cordially shaken her hand, and was about to close the carriage door, when she remembered that she had felt so safe in the keeping of this noble-looking man that she had not even asked his name. Hastily putting her hand against the door she said:

"Pardon me, but you have rendered me such a service, may I not know whom I am thanking?"

The big man smiled as he answered, "Phillips Brooks," and turned away.

How a Preacher Met Jibes and Sneers.

A paper contains a reply from a clergymen who was traveling, and who stopped at a hotel much frequented by commercial travelers. The host, not being used to having clergymen at his table, looked at him with surprise. The travelers used all their artillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark in self-defence. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the jibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them at last in despair of his forbearance, said to him:

"Well, I wonder at your patience. Have you not heard all that has been said against you?"

"Oh, yes; but I am accustomed to it. Do you not know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum. Such remarks have no effect upon me."

What Came of a Clergyman's Stolen Satchel.

While traveling to a certain place to preach on Sunday, a clergyman had his satchel stolen which contained written notes of a sermon. Out of curiosity the thief read the sermon, and so deeply was he impressed that he was a sinner and needed salvation, that he gave his heart to God. He afterwards sent the satchel and contents to the owner, stating the result of the theft.

A Unique Interview Between Two Clergymen on a Train.

For more than a hundred miles I had traveled, having the entire seat to myself. Aside from the selfishness of the average traveler, who, while unwilling to pay for more sitting, is more than willing to monopolize the whole seat, I was glad of plenty of elbow room to enable me to answer some pressing letters.

But as the car began to fill up, I knew the bag at my side must soon give way to another kind of neighbor, and presently down the aisle he came. From a perpendicular standpoint he was small, but horizontally he was immense, and I viewed his approach with some alarm.

There was a merry twinkle in his eye, and his face beamed with good nature as he said, "Ah, I see you have room for a wedge at your side; allow me to put it in place."

With considerable effort and a good deal of tight

squeezing, he at last settled down in the seat, remarking, with a merry laugh, "Here I am at last;" and there I was too, and there I was likely to remain, if that wedge did not fly out, or the side of the car give way.

"Have you room enough?" I slyly inquired.

"Plenty of room, thank you," he replied; "I trust you are nice and snug."

"Never more snug in my life."

"That's right; the loose way in which most peo ple travel is a continual menace to life and limb.

"I BELIEVE IN KEEPING THINGS SNUG,

spiritually, physically, socially, financially and politically snug. And if things are spiritually snug, all the others must be so, as a matter of course. I learned that fact years ago in England."

"Are you an Englishman?" I inquired.

"No, sir; I'm a Presbyterian," he laughingly replied; "my father was born in England, my mother was born in Ohio, and I was born the first time in New Jersey. Then on a visit to England I was 'born again.' My father was a Methodist; my mother was a Quaker, so of course I had to be a Presbyterian."

HIS UNCTUOUS LAUGHTER

made the seat tremble. "Not a blue one, mind you. Blue? Not a bit of it. Why, bless you, when I became a Christian all the blue went out of my heart and went into the sky.

"My father was physically large—I take after

him. My mother—" he stopped abruptly and lifted his hat reverently; the tears filled his eyes and coursed down his cheeks, and presently, with choking voice he continued:

"My mother, God bless her memory, was the best woman and the grandest Christian that I ever knew. She lives in heaven, and she lives in my heart. I would that I were

AS MUCH LIKE MOTHER SPIRITUALLY

as I resemble father physically."

The tender pathos of his voice, as he said this, made me feel that his sainted mother, were she present, would have no reason to feel ashamed of her son.

As he was about to replace his hat upon his head, I noticed in large letters pasted on the lining, these words,

"HINDER NOBODY—HELP EVERYBODY."

"Excuse me, sir;" I said, as I pointed to the words, "What is the meaning of that?"

Quickly the tears on his cheeks were illuminated by a smile, as he said, "That's my watchword; I carry it in my hat, have it hung up on my wall at home, and since I went into my present business, I've tried to make it the daily practice of my life."

"May I inquire what your business is?"

"Certainly, sir,

"MY BUSINESS IS SERVING THE LORD,

and there is no business like it in the universe. It pays good dividends, brings me no worry, insures

me a good standing in the best society; feeds me on the fat of the land, fills my heart with peace and makes me an heir to a kingdom, a robe and a crown. Bankruptcy and bad debts never stare me in the face, and every draft I draw is honored at the bank. Thus I 'hinder nobody,' and am able to 'help everybody.'"

"Where do you reside?"

"On Pisgah's top"—and his face fairly shone as he repeated it—

"ON PISGAH'S TOP.

At first I lived down in the valley among Ezekiel's dry bones, and used to help the multitudes sing,

'Could we but climb where Mose stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

"But I moved on and up to my present residence, and now I sing,

'From Pisgah's top the promised land
I now exult to see;
My hope is full, oh, glorious hope,
Of immortality.

"But I beg your pardon, sir; am I crowding you?"

"Crowding me? not a bit of it. I trust I shall always have room for company like you."

"Thank you, sir, thank you. I'm only a wedge"—with a merry laugh—"but I try to fill every opening the Lord shows me. Excuse me, but how far are you going?"

"I get off at Albany," I replied. He looked at me as if taking my measure, and, after a moment he said:

"I hope you are not a member of the legislature."

"No, sir," I said, "I am a Methodist."

"Give me your hand. I am so glad to know you are going in the opposite direction. A man may go to heaven by way of the legislature, but I would as soon think of going where I could get cholera in order to secure good health, as expect to serve God by becoming a member of the legislature. Ah, here is Albany! Good day, sir; don't forget the wedge. And if you will, I wish you would remember the watchword—'Hinder Nobody—Help Everybody.'"—*Rev. C. H. Mead, in The Chr. Herald.*

A Calm Preacher but a Frightened Atheist.

The Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, formerly of Princeton, was once on board a packet ship, where, among other passengers, was a professed atheist. This unhappy man was very fond of troubling every one with his peculiar belief, and of broaching the subject as often as he could get any one to listen to him. He did not believe in God and a future state, not he! By and by there came on a terrible storm, and the prospect was that all would be drowned. There was much consternation on board, but no one was so greatly frightened as the professed atheist. In this extremity he sought out the clergyman, and found him in the cabin, calm and collected in the

midst of danger, and in an excited manner thus addressed him:

"O Doctor Witherspoon! Doctor Witherspoon! we're all going; we have a short time to stay. Oh, how the vessel rocks! We're all going; don't you think we are, Doctor?"

The doctor turned to him with a solemn look and replied, in broad Scotch: "Nae doobt, nae doobt, mon, we're a' gangin'; but you an' I dinna gang the same way!"—*The Christian.*

Why He Knelt and Prayed While Traveling.

Bishop Hutton was traveling between Wensleydale and Ingleton, when he dismounted and retired to a particular spot, where he knelt down and continued some time in prayer. On his return one of his attendants inquired his reason for this act. The bishop informed him that when he was a poor boy he traveled over that cold and bleak mountain without shoes or stockings, and that he remembered disturbing a cow on the identical spot where he prayed, that he might warm his feet and legs on the place where she had laid. His feelings of gratitude would not allow him to pass the place without presenting his thanksgiving to God for his mercies to him.

I know a preacher who never gets on a train of cars without uttering a petition for a safe journey, but always saying, "If it be Thy will."

Gospel Seed Sown While Traveling Brings Forth Fruit.

In the early years of his ministry, while living in Wisconsin, and traveling from one preaching point to another, Bishop William Horn (now of Cleveland, Ohio), once asked a man traveling on foot if he would have a seat in his buggy. The man gladly accepted the kind invitation.

After some conversation on matters in general, the young preacher, mindful of the Scriptural injunction to "be instant in season, out of season" trying to do good, spoke to the man concerning his spiritual welfare.

The stranger was evidently impressed with his need of salvation; for, years afterwards, when Mr. Horn had become the editor of *Der Christliche Botschafter*, the German weekly organ of the Evangelical Association, he received a letter from an unknown person, referring to the time and circumstances as just narrated. The man stated that it was through that talk to him about his soul that he had been led to Christ.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good."—*A. W. Orwig.*

On one occasion while a clergyman was traveling and had stopped to preach on the highway, one of his hearers was so deeply smitten by the power of the truth as to fall to the ground and lie there a long time, apparently without life.

A Preacher Rebukes Some Congressmen on a Boat.

While the Rev. W. H. Milburn was traveling on the Ohio river, some congressmen were on the same boat with him. While making the trip the preacher took occasion to rebuke them for intemperance, profanity and gambling. The sequel showed that the rebuke was not entirely lost upon them; for Mr. Milburn attributed his election to the chaplaincy of the national House of Representatives to obeying the divine command to "reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering."

Dr. Talmage's Experience in a Sleeping Car.

While the Rev. Dr. Talmage was on his trip around the world, in the Summer of 1894, he wrote the following:

I have arrived safely on the Pacific Coast. A startling question was asked me just before reaching here. I was in deep slumber in a section of a sleeping car, when the curtain was pushed back, and a venerable lady seized hold of me and shrieked:

"Who are you and what are you doing here?"

It was a sudden calling of the roll of passengers, and I did not feel like answering to my name.

The question was repeated in more earnestness and with louder voice.

I could not at first understand why the interrogation as to my identity, but after gathering my senses together, I mildly suggested that perhaps she had

mistaken my place for her own. This was no doubt the case, and she made a quick retreat.

The mistake that the venerable lady made is a mistake that thousands of people make, for they think that some one else has their place. Most of the struggle in the world is in trying to get some one else's berth. Better go back contented and take the place assigned you. In trying to get some one else's place, we may lose our own without getting his.—*The Christian Herald.*

A Plucky Clergyman on a Railway Train.

"You're a coward and a liar!"

It was an excitable man who said this in a railway train in Florida to a chance acquaintance, a quiet, dignified man, in the course of a conversation on political affairs. The insult brought a flush to the face of the man addressed, who was a clergyman, but he did not lose self-control.

"It is not a brave man," he said, "who calls a stranger a coward and a liar after ten minutes' acquaintance with him, and merely on account of a trivial difference of opinion. Our talk is at an end, sir."

They had been sitting in the smoking section of a sleeping car. When they returned to their seats in the body of the car they noticed that loud, indecent and profane conversation was in progress. A tall, muscular man, who had got on the car at the

last station with a companion, was making himself extremely offensive by his foul talk.

The quiet, little man who had been called a coward a few minutes before stepped up to him, pointed to a group of ladies in the car, and requested him to put his tongue under restraint.

"What business is it of yours?" was the angry reply.

"You are reviling the name of the Creator," said the minister, with inflexible firmness, "and He is my friend. That makes it an affair of mine."

The bully replied with a volley of oaths which drove the ladies back into the remotest corner of the car. His companion vainly endeavored to quiet him.

"I'll teach the whining, little hypocrite," he cried, "not to interrupt gentlemen in their conversation!"

The minister appealed to the conductor of the train to silence the ruffian. The bully defied any one to approach him, and threatened to bring suit against the company if he were ejected from the train.

"STOP THE TRAIN!"

said the minister, "and I will take care of this swaggerer."

The moment the train was stopped the brute rose and threatened to shoot anybody who should attempt to lay hands upon him. The little minister went boldly up to him, tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and told him to leave the train. The

bully's reply was a vicious but ill-directed blow, which his lithe antagonist parried with skill, for he was an expert boxer. Then the little man closed in an instant upon the big man, gave him blow after blow in quick succession, forced him to retreat to the platform, and finally flung him to the ground, where he lay begging for mercy.

The conductor allowed him to return to the car under pledge of remaining quiet for the remainder of the journey.

The plucky minister's first antagonist in argument was a witness of this scene, and at once went to him and made a manly apology.

"I called you a coward on ten minutes' acquaintance," he said. "I now acknowledge that

YOU ARE THE BRAVEST MAN

I ever met, although you will excuse me, I am sure, if I say that I have never before seen a clergyman use arguments of the character of those by which you have so effectually brought one sinner to repentance."—*Youths' Companion.*

"All Aboard!"—Now!

During General Booth's tour through the United States in 1894, he and some of his traveling companions were on one occasion compelled to drive at almost break-neck speed in order to catch a train.

On alighting just at the regular time of the train to start, an employe of the railroad company said to

the Salvation Army's noble chief, "We would have waited an hour or more for *you*."

How many there are, however, who "get left" because they are not on time to take passage on the train that leads to the glory land! "To-day is the accepted time; behold *now* is the day of salvation."

Look out, my friend, you may be just one minute too late! "*All aboard*"—"NOW!"—*A. W. Orwig*.

Bishop Seybert, the Heroic, Incessant Traveler.

He was the first bishop of the Evangelical Association, having been elected to that responsible position in 1839, when 52 years of age.

But long before this event he had been one of the most incessant, intrepid travelers, as a minister of the Gospel, ever known. Extremely inclement weather, the darkest nights, dangerously swollen streams, unknown roads, exhausted physical powers, and other "perils oft" did not intimidate him. He went forward in the work of saving souls as only perhaps a few have done since the days of the apostle Paul.

From the "Life and Labors of John Seybert," by the Rev. S. P. Spreng, I quote some paragraphs at random, showing how continuously that remarkable servant of God traveled on foot, on horseback, in his own humble vehicle, and on canal boats. Having fallen "asleep in Jesus," almost in the saddle, in 1860, he had not done a very great deal of traveling by rail.—(*A. W. O.*)

IN 1823,

after having been in the ministry two years, the record says: "During this conference year he endured all the hardships of a pioneer circuit-rider on the frontier. His horse frequently became saddle-galled, owing to the long journeys over the unbroken, muddy roads of Ohio at that time."

FORDS A SWOLLEN, RAGING RIVER.

"He had to cross the Schuylkill river near Orwigsburg, Pa., at a time when the river was much swollen. He was warned not to attempt the ford. But he said, 'I have an appointment across the river, and in the name of the Lord I am going to ride in. The Lord can help me through.' He was on horseback. Getting upon the saddle with his knees, the intrepid circuit-rider ventured boldly into the mad torrent. The horse soon got beyond his depth, and was compelled to swim with his rider on his back. The noble beast, to the astonishment of the spectators, bore him safely to the opposite bank, and Seybert filled his appointment that evening in spite of storm and flood. He would not miss an engagement to preach even at the peril of his life."

GETS OFF HIS HORSE TO SILENCE AN OBJECTOR.

"One day in June, 1824, as he was riding through a strange country, he happened to meet a farmer, of whom he enquired the way to his destination. The farmer, although answering in a civil way, began to question Seybert concerning the manner

of our public worship, the earnest exercises, the camp-meetings, etc., expressing promptly his doubts as to the Scriptural warrant for such proceedings. This brought Seybert from his horse in a hurry.

"Taking his Bible out of the saddle-bag, he began to substantiate our position and methods, both from the Old and the New Testament. As to loud praying, he read Ps. 50: 15, and the fourth verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm. . . . . He also reminded him that the Lord Jesus Himself prayed 'with strong crying and tears.'

"Our camp-meetings he justified on the ground of the Feasts of Tabernacles celebrated among God's people of old, and showed from St. John 7, that our Saviour Himself preached at one of these Tabernacle meetings. . . . . The farmer was unable to reply, and seemed quite overcome.

"Before riding on, the faithful Seybert sought to convince him of the necessity of his own conversion, and they parted as friends. Seybert thought, as he rode away, that the man was not far from the Kingdom of God, for which he was glad."

TRAVELS OVER 8,000 MILES IN TWO YEARS.

In 1830 he "traveled three thousand nine hundred and twenty-four miles on horseback, and says, 'the Lord has been very good to me.'

"During the year 1831 Seybert traveled four thousand three hundred and fifty-six miles, preached two hundred and seventy-one times, and baptized thirty-eight persons."

STARTS OUT AT MIDNIGHT IN SEARCH OF A LOST SOUL.

"Weary with a long and laborious journey on horseback, Seybert arrived one evening at a house where he expected to lodge and rest." . . . .

(Here the biographer relates that, finding the family about to go to a prayer-meeting four miles distant, Seybert accompanies them on foot, and leads the meeting in a most interesting manner, the company getting back after midnight. And just as he was about to retire, he suddenly thought of a promise to visit an unsaved man living a mile away in a little log-hut. So off he started, against the earnest protest of the family. Having found the man and roused him from his slumbers, he at once began to talk to him about the salvation of his soul. Soon the man broke down under the loving but mighty appeals of the indomitable soul-winner. Together they wept and prayed until just a little before sunrise, when the man found pardon and peace, and began to praise God.)

"Seybert, light-hearted as a deer, his face beaming with joy, fairly ran to his intended lodging-place, and shouted at the top of his voice, '*That man was born into eternal life this morning!*'"

WHY HE STOPS A CONSTABLE.

"On a cold Winter day, during one of his horseback rides through Ohio, Seybert fell in with some one hauling a weaver's loom on a sled. . . . The man was a constable, who was about to sell the

loom, which had been attached by law to pay a debt. . . . The loom was the poor man's only means of securing a livelihood. This awakened Seybert's sympathy," and he immediately redeemed the loom by a full cash payment, and told the constable to return it to the unfortunate man, while he accompanied him on the errand of mercy. The family were greatly astonished and affected at this wonderful exhibition of kindness by a stranger, and by all means must know who he is. Making himself and his calling known, they immediately entertain him in the most hospitable manner, while he, true to his noble nature and to his Divine Master, breaks unto them the bread of life.

Not long after, at the man's request, he preached in his house to many of the neighbors "The result was, that the weaver and his family were soon converted to God, and henceforth received the preachers of the Evangelical Association with joy."

MEETS WITH A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

About four years prior to his death, Bishop Seybert's "horse became frightened, upset the conveyance, throwing him violently to the ground, and breaking the harness into fragments. Concerning this he wrote: 'Here my old, dilapidated, storm-beaten tabernacle of clay, in which I had, during the last thirty-five years, preached about ten thousand sermons, came very near being totally demolished. . . . . But the Lord again spared my life in this serious accident. Blessed be His Name!'"

CHAPTER FIVE.

CHILDREN TRAVELING.

A Blind but Happy Child Traveling Alone.

Bishop Ryle, of England, says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl eight years old, born blind, whom he met on a railway train, traveling all alone.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No, sir," she answered: "I have traveled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

"But tell me," said the bishop, "why you are so happy?"

"Because I love Jesus, and he loves me. I sought Jesus and found him," was the reply.

A Child's Faith in God While Traveling.

A correspondent of the New York *Evangelist* relates the following: "Coming from Pittsburg east, in a sleeping-car, my apartment was next to that occupied by a gentleman, his wife and their little daughter, perhaps four years old. The lady was excessively timid—not to put too fine a point upon

it—terribly nervous. The Horseshoe Curve seemed to be her special terror, and my sleep, and I presume that of others, was disturbed by her talking to her husband of the danger. The engineer might be asleep and then the train would certainly be plunged down the abyss.

"But it was worth while to be awake, while I heard the sweet rebuke, not intended, but real, of the little one:

'MA, GOD TAKES CARE OF US, AND DOES HE SLEEP?'

Was not this the ordaining of strength out of the mouth of babes? Happy for the mother if it proved strength to her faith."

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"Does This Railroad Lead to Heaven?"

The train was going west, and the time was evening. At a station a little girl about eight years old came aboard, carrying a little budget under her arm. She came into the car and deliberately took a seat. She then commenced an eager scrutiny of faces, but all were strange to her. She appeared weary, and placing her budget for a pillow, she prepared to try to secure a little sleep. Soon the conductor came along collecting tickets and fare. Observing him, she asked him if she might lie there. The gentlemanly conductor replied that she might, and then kindly asked for her ticket. She told him she had none, when the following conversation ensued. Said the conductor:

"Where are you going, my little girl?"

"I am going to heaven," she answered."

"Who pays your fare?" he asked again.

She then said: "Mister, does this railroad lead to heaven, and

"DOES JESUS TRAVEL ON IT?"

"I think not," he answered. "Why did you think so?"

"Why, sir, before my ma died she used to sing to me of a heavenly railroad, and you looked so nice and kind that I thought this was the road. My ma used to sing of Jesus on the heavenly railroad, and that He paid the fare for everybody, and that the train stopped at every station to take people on board; but my ma don't sing to me any more. Nobody sings to me now; and I thought I'd take the cars and go to ma. Mister, do you sing to your little girl about the railroad that goes to heaven? You have a little girl, haven't you?"

THE CONDUCTOR, WEEPING,

replied: "No, my little dear, I have no little girl now. I had one once, but she died some time ago, and went to heaven."

"Did she go over this railroad, and are you going to see her now?" she asked.

By this time all in the car were on their feet, and most of them weeping. An attempt to describe what I witnessed is almost futile. Some said: "God bless the little girl!" Hearing some one say that she was an angel, the little girl earnestly re-

plied: "Yes, my ma used to say that I would be an angel at some time."

Addressing herself once more to the conductor, she asked him: "Do you love Jesus? I do; and if you love Him,

"HE WILL LET YOU RIDE TO HEAVEN

on His railroad. I am going there, and I wish you would go with me. I know Jesus will let me into heaven when I get there, and He will let you in too, and everybody that will ride on His railroad—yes, all these people. Wouldn't you like to see heaven, and Jesus, and your little girl?"

These words, so pathetically and innocently uttered, brought a gush of fresh tears to all eyes, but most profusely from those of the conductor. Some who were traveling on the heavenly railroad shouted aloud for joy.

She now asked the conductor: "Mister, may I lie here

"TILL WE GET TO HEAVEN?"

"Yes, dear, yes," he answered.

"Will you wake me up then, so that I may see my ma, and your little girl, and Jesus?" she asked, "for I do so much want to see them all."

The answer came in broken accents, but in words very tenderly spoken: "Yes, dear angel, yes. God bless you."

"Amen!" was sobbed by more than a score of voices.

Turning her eyes again upon the conductor, she

interrogated him again: "What shall I tell your little girl when I see her? Shall I tell her that I saw her pa on Jesus' railroad? Shall I?"

This brought a

FRESH FLOOD OF TEARS FROM ALL PRESENT,

and the conductor knelt by her side, and, embracing her, wept the reply he could not utter. At this juncture the brakeman called out: "H——." The conductor arose and requested him to attend to his (the conductor's) duty at the station, for he was engaged. That was a precious place. I thank God that I was a witness to this scene, but I am sorry that at this point I was obliged to leave the train.

A Brave Boy During a Railroad Accident.

Of Warwick Greene, a great grandson of Nathaniel Green, who was so prominent in the war of the Revolution, in 1776, and grandson of a general in the late war, and possessing the spirit of his brave sires, the *Christian Observer* says:

"After the accident occurred, when others were bewildered, he bethought himself to find the axes, and had them used to chop passengers out of the wreck. He organized a water-pail brigade to put out the flames. To get at one poor fellow lying under the locomotive, and in danger of being parboiled with steam and hot water, he drew his thick, shaggy coat over his head, and crawling in under that shield, rescued the helpless sufferer. Covered

with mud and blood, he seemed to be everywhere at once, and always doing the best thing that could be done."

Why a Little Girl Was Not Afraid.

One beautiful morning, in the Spring of 1863, I was on board a passenger train on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, crossing the green glades from the Alleghanies westward. On the occasion of which I write the train was behind time, and was

RUNNING AT A VERY HIGH SPEED,

and nearly everybody wore a look of uneasiness. I was thinking of the probabilities of an accident, when I observed a bright little girl of four or five summers approaching me, and, as she extended her little hand and bade me "good morning" in a sweet, clear voice, I engaged her in conversation by asking her if she was not afraid to ride on the cars. To this she replied:

"Sometimes, but I am not afraid this morning."

"Why," I asked, "are you not afraid this morning? Everybody else seems to be afraid; and, besides, we are running very rapidly." Oh, there is no danger at all," she replied,

"PAPA IS RUNNING THE ENGINE."

Her father was the engineer, and she had such implicit confidence in his ability to protect her, that she felt perfectly secure and happy.

I shall never forget the lesson of faith and trust I learned from that dear child. When clouds and storms and darkness surround my pathway, and I almost feel that I must perish, I remember that it is my Father in heaven that watches over me, and if I will only take his proffered hand he will lead me in the paths of peace, beside the still waters. Oh, bless His name forever!

"My Father's at the helm!"

A Little Blind Musician on a Train.

A peculiarly touching incident occurred in one of the elevated railroad trains that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. A little boy about six years old entered the car, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. The little fellow was blind, and had a pale, wan, but smiling face. A quick look of sympathy passed over the faces of the passengers, and an old, gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The "big brother," who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the little blind boy, and placed him on his knee.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my 'monica?"

This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica, and placed it in the little fellow's hands. He at once ran it across his lips, and began

to play softly, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat, and as the little fellow played on, running into the "Rock of Ages," and "Abide with Me," there

WERE MANY MOIST EYES IN THE CAR.

The train rushed along, the passengers listened, and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note of "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home."

Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole car-load of friends, the blind boy quickly changed the "Suwanee River" into "Auld Lang Syne," and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the "big brother" carried the little one out of the car.—*New York Times.*

A Child's Prayer on a Night Train.

On a night train there was a group of a sad-faced man, a woman of subdued countenance, and a tiny tot of five, apparently the daughter of the man and a niece of the lady. In the baggage car was a rough box, and the little girl clutched tightly to a bouquet of the same tube roses we had seen carried in with the coffin.

By and by there were sounds of a slight disturbance from the back part of the car, which caused

every one to turn his eyes thither. In the middle of the aisle stood a little fairy form, clad in a snowy dress, her golden curls shaking over her shoulder by the rocking of the car, while her blue eyes were troubled and half afloat in tears.

The little thing was saying, in a baby voice, which opposition had caused to rise to its highest pitch, distinguishable above the rumble of the train:

"PAPA AND AUNTIE, I MUST;

"mamma told me to before she went to sleep."

Seeing the attention of the other passengers drawn upon them, the father flushed and made no further remonstrance, and the lady also drew back.

The little tot got down reverently upon her knees by the side of the berth, clasped her tiny hands and began:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

and so on through it until the final amen, adding "God bless papa and auntie and poor little Annie whose mamma has gone away."

Then, unresisting, they tucked her into the berth. The occurrence produced a more serious feeling among the passengers, and the train rumbled on with sleeping mother in the baggage car and the sleeping orphan.

"He took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt."—Matth 2: 14.

How a Little Passenger Found Her Mother.

One cold, dreary morning the north-bound train pulled out of the San Antonio (Texas) depot, on the last car of which there was nobody but a thinly clad, ragged little girl, with a pinched white face. She was

SO BUSY TALKING TO A RAG BABY

that she did not notice the kindly-faced conductor, who looked at her with surprise and amusement.

"Where are your folks, sissy? Who came with you to the train?"

"Dolly came with me," she replied.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Fanny, but mamma always calls me 'Little Pet.'"

"Where is your mamma—in San Antonio?"

"I don't know where she is, but me and Dolly are going to find her. Mamma went away."

"When did your mamma go away?"

"A long time ago.

"THEY PUT MAMMA IN A LONG BOX

"when she was asleep, and she went away on the cars; but me and Dolly will find her."

The conductor sat down on the seat opposite to this little deadhead passenger, and by further questioning satisfied himself that the child's mother had died and the remains had been taken to some other town for interment.

"But you don't know where your mother went," he said.

"Me and Dolly will find mamma; she told me last night."

"But you told me just now that she went away a long time ago."

"I know; but

"SHE CAME BACK LAST NIGHT AND KISSED ME,

"just like she did before she went away. She looked so white, just like she did when they put her in a long box."

The conductor took one of the child's emaciated hands in his own. Her hand was hot, and there was a feverish flush on her wan cheeks.

"You are not well, sissy. I'll send you back to San Antonio to your papa."

The next moment two thin arms went around his neck and the child was pleading and sobbing.

"Don't send me back. Let me go with you and find my mamma.

"THAT WOMAN WILL BEAT ME AGAIN.

"Don't send me back and I'll give you my dolly."

The conductor understood it all. The little, half-starved waif was running away from some brutal woman, possibly a cruel step-mother. It was only after he had promised not to send her back that she relaxed her hold on his neck. The conductor fixed her up a nice bed with his overcoat and left her happy, chatting with dolly about her "mamma," but tears rolled down his cheeks as he left the car. Several times during the trip he looked into the car

and saw his little deadhead passenger sleeping peacefully, hugging dolly to her breast.

At last the north-bound train crossed the long bridge over the Colorado river and halted at the Austin depot. The south-bound train had already arrived, for here it was that the trains met and the passengers got dinner. The conductor hurried to the dining-room, and in a few minutes returned with a cup of coffee and some delicacies for his little friend. Just as he was entering the car he was halted by the conductor of the south-bound train, who held a telegram in his hand.

"I say, Tom, is there a girl on your train deadheading her way?"

"Why do you want to know?" was the gruff reply.

"Because I've got a telegram here from the girl's father, telling me to bring back a runaway child."

They entered the car where the fugitive was still sleeping.

"Wake up, little one, here's some coffee for you."

On the little pinched face was a tear and a smile.

"LITTLE PET" HAD FOUND HER MOTHER.

A man was being conveyed to prison, and on the train a little girl kindly said to him, "I am sorry for you, and so is Jesus sorry for you." The words of sympathy pierced his heart, and afterward, while in prison, he was asked why he showed such a desire to be good. He told the story of the little girl. True sympathy had conquered him.

CHAPTER SIX.

EVANGELISM WHILE TRAVELING.

Yes, "evangelism while *traveling*." Why not? But how many never think of it! How many more never practice it!

Christian men and women, ministers of the Gospel included, often make trips of many miles and never say a word to passengers or trainmen about their souls' salvation!

How many never distribute tracts or good papers on trains and at stations along the way, or on vessels and at boat landings!

What a grand opportunity is thus neglected for sowing Gospel seed! And how many souls may be lost through this neglect!

Are we afraid or ashamed to be about our Master's business in this way?

Do you imagine, my brother minister, that you would compromise your "dignity" by going through a train of cars with a bundle of tracts and giving them to your fellow-travelers?

Do *any* of us think we have no duty to discharge in any of these ways while *traveling?* I thank God that some often scatter messages of salvation while "on the wing." May the number be greatly increased!

A. W. Orwig.

A Lady Prays and Preaches on a Train.

Years ago I heard a lady at a camp-meeting give the following testimony:

"I am from California. One morning, while traveling, a gentleman said to me, 'What a beautiful morning!' 'Yes, beautiful enough to have prayers,' I replied. 'What! have prayers on the cars?' 'Yes,' and the people gathered around me, and I preached Jesus to them all day."

She was simply obeying the command, "As ye go, preach."

Work for Jesus on a Steamboat.

"I know what it is to stand alone on a steamboat and confess Jesus, while men are playing cards, swearing, and drinking liquor. I begin to sing, and gather a crowd, and preach to them and pray for them. I hope the time will come when we shall have a praying car, instead of a smoking car."

Amen! How much better it would be.

Hallelujah! We are a happy band, on our way to St. Louis. Tracts have been distributed through the train, and personal work has been done both in German and English.—*Fred Weiss.*

When the train stopped for supper, I stepped out on the platform with tracts in my hand, and handed them to those standing near me.—*Mrs. L. A. S.*

Jesus "*went about* doing good."—Acts 10: 38.

What a Tract Did on a Train.

I remember riding one time from the Geneva Students' Convention, and as I was sitting in the car seat I asked the Lord for an opportunity to lead some one to Christ. I was watching my opportunity, when two young ladies entered. I thought I knew one of them, the daughter of a minister. She came back and bowed, and then, of course, I knew her, and in the providence of God she took the seat in front of me, the only vacant one in the car.

I then handed her a tract. She at once began to read, and I began to pray. When she had read the tract through, I asked her what she thought of it. She almost burst into tears right there in the car, and in a few minutes that minister's daughter was rejoicing in the Lord Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour.—*Rev. R. A. Torrey.*

Two Travelers on Horseback.

Some years ago two travelers stopped their horses at a brook to water them. As they looked in each other's faces, one said just a few words to the other about the salvation of his soul. They were strangers to one another, but the little Gospel message afterward proved the means of the man's salvation. That was evangelism while traveling.

"After we had passed through all the tunnels, we held service on the train."

Evangelism Among Railroad Men.

These men often hold our lives in their hands. We are dependent upon their watchfulness and carefulness as we journey from place to place. One touch of the signal means life or death to us. One carelessly made letter in the telegram may bring grief and sorrow into your life and mine. And yet who of us hesitates to trust life and property in the hands of these men? We believe them trustworthy, and that they will do their duty.

But have we no duty to them? May the time not come when God will require their souls at our hands. —*Mrs. H. E. S., in Zion's Herald.*

God's Word on Railroad Trains.

A Woman's Christian Temperance Union worker received the following from a railroad man:

"The calendar you sent me has been placed in my car, and I am thankful to think that every day as I look upon the day of the week and month, I can read a few words concerning my blessed Master. But others also will see them and read them. I think your idea a grand one to circulate the words of the Lord among the railroad men; they are as a rule, in great need of them."

"As we seemed almost to fly along, I remarked to those with me, 'We need to pray for the engineer, that he may take us safely through.'"

A Lady Traveler Comforts a Lone Mother.

Many years ago a poor German immigrant woman sat with her children in the waiting room of an eastern station. A lady passenger to a train, struck by her look of misery, stopped a moment to speak to her; the story was soon told. Her husband had been buried at sea. She was going to Iowa, and "it was hard to enter a strange world alone with her babies." The stranger had but one moment. She pressed a little money into the poor creature's hand and said:

"Alone! Why, Jesus is with you! He never will leave you alone!"

Ten years afterward the woman said: "That word gave me courage for all my life. When I was a child I knew Christ and loved Him. I had forgotten Him. That chance word brought me back to Him. It kept me strong and happy through all troubles.

Got a Tract on a Train Without Wanting It.

"Mother Prindle" relates the following interesting incident:

One day upon the train I asked my Father to whom He would have me deliver a tract. The Spirit immediately directed the eye of my mind to a gentleman sitting just in front of me, at the same moment intimating that he would not receive it. So I selected one illustrated by a striking picture on the front page, and then tapping him gently on the shoulder I said:

"Sir, will you accept this little token of my interest in your precious soul?" to which he replied gruffly:

"No, ma'am, I don't want it."

The Holy Ghost said he ought to have it, and suggested my putting it in his pocket. I assented, and said:

"Open the way, Lord, and I will do it."

Immediately the man arose, took an extra coat upon which he had been sitting, turned the inner side outward, folded it nicely and threw it over the back of the seat toward me, with the inside pocket plain in view. I said, "Thank Thee, Father!" then folded the tract neatly and

SLIPPED IT INTO THE POCKET,

completely out of sight.

While I sat reflecting upon the singular occurrence and the blessed experience of being led by the Holy Ghost, the whistle blew, warning the man that his destination was approaching. He took the coat upon his arm and left the train with a message from heaven which the Holy Ghost and I had placed there.

We traveled over seven hundred miles in the Gospel wagon, and enjoyed it very much; especially so, because we had Jesus with us, and had the assurance we were pleasing Him. We had a grand chance to talk and preach to all classes of people while traveling in this way.—*F. L. Smelser.*

"I Will Ask the Conductor to Put You Off."

Thus said a man who had been approached by a Christian worker on a railroad train, who asked the question, "May I talk to you a little while?" and was answered promptly, "Yes, sir; all right." And to the question, "Are you a follower of Christ?" he said, "That is none of your business. I don't care to be preached to, and won't be insulted in this way. I will ask the conductor to put you off," and he did.

Upon speaking to the conductor, he was astonished to hear the conductor say, "We are not troubled with that kind of thing on this train very much. I think we can stand some more of it," although the man threatened to report him.

Calling the worker back to him, he said, "As I cannot get the conductor to put you off, I would like to ask you a few questions, for I believe you are an old hypocrite. Where did Cain get his wife, and how do you know Adam was the first man, and what do you think about hell? Did you ever see the bottomless pit? Did you ever talk with an angel?"

After putting these questions and many more like them for some time, as fast as he could talk, one little verse was given him: "The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Hebrews 4: 12.

The man suddenly stopped, bit his lips until the blood almost came, turned white, clenched his fist and suddenly said, as he burst into a violent fit of weeping:

"I am a backslider. May God help me and have mercy on my soul!"

He left the train soon after, and although nothing more was said, all the people in that car nearest his seat and that of the Christian worker, were solemnly impressed by the words of one verse of God's word which had the power to turn man's ridicule and idle and malicious questioning to naught.

Two Young Ladies' Noble Work While Traveling.

Two young ladies came aboard, accompanied by a gallant young man, who came to see them off. They were trying to persuade the young man to become a Christian. The young man, in referring to what he was inclined to call difficulties, said:

"What am I to do?"

"Do?" said one of the young ladies; "there is but one thing for you to do, and that is to give up, surrender, resolve, and stick to it."—*Wm. M. Bell, in Religious Telescope.*

"What a satisfaction came to my soul that I had obeyed the Spirit's promptings to give out on the train words of warning, exhortation, invitation and comfort contained in those tracts."

A Noted Railroad Evangelist and Her Work.

Miss Jennie Smith has been before the public, for many years, as a very successful railroad evangelist, not to speak of her evangelistic labors otherwise. Of her good work "on the road" alone, volumes might be written. At the solicitation of the publisher of this book for a few incidents, Miss Smith has kindly sent the following:

PRAYS WITH A SICK BAGGAGE-MASTER.

"A brother begged me to call and see a sick baggage-master, who would not let any one talk to him. You can imagine my feelings when I found it was a man who had carried me in his car when I was an invalid. He could not refuse letting *me* have prayers with him. He broke down and was so overcome that he cried aloud. His friends were frightened, for they feared it would make him worse; but it brought blessing to his soul."

SON AND FATHER CONVERTED.

"I met a young man who had given his heart to God at one of our meetings several years ago—a railroad boy. He said: 'Miss Jennie, the Lord answered prayer, and helped me to lead my father to Christ. Then he died a triumphant death, and praised the Lord that you ever held a meeting at the Pennsylvania shops.'"

SAVED THROUGH ONE MINUTE'S TALK.

She received word: "Come quick; there are five minutes you can talk to those who could not hear

you at the shops." "But," she writes, "only *one* minute remained when I reached them, and taking advantage of it, I never talked faster." Speaking of a certain man, she adds: "He was converted through that one minute's talk, and became a very effective worker for the Master."

Gospel Work on a Train.

L. B. Worcester, editor of *The Sent of God*, writes thus to his paper:

"The Lord blessed us in preaching the Word on the train. This opened the way for us to spend most of the remainder of the day in personal work.

"THE CONDUCTOR AND BRAKEMAN

were both under conviction and talked quite freely.

"We held a missionary service on the train, as we journeyed, and many were deeply interested. Nearly all on the train came into the car where we held the services. There were several Christians who helped in the singing; some of the unsaved were deeply convicted."

W. T. Ellis writes: "We came scattering tracts and doing personal work on the cars."

As the train rolled up to the platform, a missionary band sang:

"We'll girdle the globe with salvation."

Good Advice to a Young Man on a Train.

An old sea captain, riding with a young man on the cars, said to him:

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to the city to live," was the reply.

"Have you letters of introduction?"

"Yes," said the young man, and he pulled out some of them.

"But have you a church certificate?"

"Oh, yes, but I did not suppose you desired to look at that."

"Yes," said the captain, I want to see that. As soon as you reach the city don't fail to present it to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it is a rule of mine, as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ships fore and aft to the wharf, rather than have my ships floating hither and thither with the tide."

At First Refused but Afterward Asked for a Tract.

A gentleman was traveling from Cambridge to York, and as a true servant of the Lord Jesus, he sought ever to be about his Divine Master's business. Ere he started, he furnished himself with

A POCKETFUL OF TRACTS;

and as the train glided out of the Cambridge station, he began to hand them around. One of the passengers refused, and taking a race card out of his pocket, he held it up, saying:

"You see this? That's my religion. That's good enough for *me!*"

"Is it, my friend?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I suppose you have a good many of those cards?"

"Oh, yes, I have them pinned all over my mantle-piece."

"Well, then, go on and collect as many more as you can; pin them all around your room; and when the doctor tells you that you have only ten minutes to live, take them all down, count them over, and see what your religion is worth."

They sat quiet, the one in silent prayer, and the other in anxious thought. When the gentleman opened the door to alight, the man said, "I say,

"YOU CAN GIVE ME ONE OF THOSE TRACTS,

if you will." The tract was immediately given; but the result is known to Him who will not let His word return void, but will make it accomplish His purposes.—*British Evangelist.*

"I Would Travel Around the World to Save a Soul."

That was the dying reply of Bishop Asbury, when asked what he would do to save a soul. Is any one worthy the name of a Christian, who would not be willing to do the same, if some one's salvation depended on his making the journey? How many miles are *we* willing to travel to try to save souls?

Jesus at a "Discount" on Board a Steamer.

A minister of the Gospel on board an ocean steamer writes:

"All tongues and tribes and kindreds and dress are on board—dwellers from all latitudes and longitudes. All gay life is represented here, from a governor-general to a dancing girl. The Lord Jesus Christ and his disciples are at a discount."

With such an opportunity to preach the Lord Jesus Christ, I hope He was not obliged to "discount" those "disciples."

Delayed Travelers Doing Gospel Work.

In 1872, when the Revs. John S. Inskip, Wm. Mc Donald, and others, were on their way to Utah, to storm the stronghold of Mormonism, by holding a series of holiness meetings in Salt Lake City, they were blockaded by a snow-storm, and were compelled to remain in a small town over night. Dr. McDonald, writing of this fact in 1892, to the *Christian Witness and Advocate of Bible Holiness*, says:

"Some of our party, not willing to be idle, proposed to go out into the town and do a little missionary work. They did so, and in the face of the driving storm went from house to house, and from saloon to saloon, singing, praying with and exhorting the people to seek the Lord. Good was done, and in a brief time a minister was sought for by the people, as at that time there was no minister nor religious services of any kind in the place."

Dodging the Question.

A writer in *The Vanguard*, speaking of a trip he made to Tennessee, says:

"I handed a lady a tract, asking her if she was a Christian. She answered, '*I belong to church.*'"

For that matter, she may have belonged to Satan, as unquestionably some church-members do.

An Irishman Who Wouldn't Be "Evangelized."

We handed a man a paper on the train, who said, he had no use for it, as he was Irish. We told him that the Irish needed salvation as well as any one else. He said, "Don't preach to me, talk to some one else. Did the railroad company hire you to preach on this train?"

"No, I simply spoke to you about your soul's salvation because I thought it was my duty."

"Well," said he, "you had better talk to some one else."

I quoted, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." He left the car and would not listen any more.—*L. B. Worcester.*

That was no evidence, however, that the truth would be wholly lost upon him.

"As we journeyed, we found opportunities to do Gospel work on the train, by distributing tracts and papers, and talking salvation to the people."

Wagon Travel Evangelistic Work.

While traveling along, the wind sweeping over the prairies from the south, almost blinding us with dust, and then coming from the north-west, almost chilling us through, and, sleeping in the Gospel wagon by the roadside, preaching in the roads, on the streets, etc., we can sing from the heart,

"Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame our life shall be."

Yours in the pilgrimage, —*F. L. S.*

Gave Tracts to Card-Players on a Mississippi Steamer.

Some years ago a Christian gentleman went on a trip down the Mississippi river. He always carried a supply of tracts. While on the steamboat he distributed some tracts to the different passengers on board. He came to a gaming table where two or three men sat engaged in a game of cards. He handed each one a tract. One of them took out his knife and contemptuously

CUT IT INTO SMALL PIECES.

He held the last piece, not larger than his thumb nail, in his hand—read on one side the word "God." He turned it over and read on the other side the word "Eternity," and then threw it down. Little did he know that a seed of Gospel truth was lodged in his mind. He never forgot those two little words —so small, but full of life-giving power. After an hour or so, the words "God" and "Eternity" re-

verberated in his mind. He paid little attention to it at first, but it kept resounding, "God!" "Eternity!" He lay down at night, and still the words clung to him, "God!" "Eternity!" The next morning, when he awoke, the first thought that was presented to his mind were these two little words, which by this time had grown some, "God!" "Eternity!" They clung with greater tenacity during the day. Whichever way he turned, they confronted him, "God!" "Eternity!" It seemed to him that God and eternity were now realities. The next night he slept scarcely any.

"GOD!" "ETERNITY!" KEPT HIM AWAKE.

God was a consuming fire; He was angry with the sinner. Eternity had no end; and, unless he sought and obtained God's favor, he would have to spend eternity in hell. He sought and obtained the pardon of his sins, and became a useful Christian,—converted through only two little words, "God!" "Eternity!"—*Evangelist.*

Speaking to Fellow-Travelers About Jesus.

While two men were traveling (not together), the Spirit said to one: "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran thither to him" to help him find the Saviour. Are we helping fellow-travelers to eternity to find the Saviour they need? Sometimes it may even require some *running*. And if we keep our ears open to the voice of the Spirit, we shall surely hear Him saying sometimes: "Run, speak to" him about Jesus.—*A. W. Orwig.*

Two Lowly Traveling Evangelists.

An old evangelist has traveled thousands of miles through Turkey, Persia, and the Caucasus. He is blind and very homely, and is accompanied by a friend who is deaf and has the use of only one eye. They travel in a humble manner, taking turns in riding their little donkey Their only baggage is a covering for the night, and a portion of the Gospel in the raised alphabet. Thousands of people have heard the glad news from this man.

A Husband and Wife Won for Christ on a Train.

Major O. M. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio, abundant in Gospel labors, furnishes the following very interesting incident for this volume:

Some years ago I was traveling on a train between Cleveland and Toledo. A young man, wife and child were seated just behind me in the car. Naturally we engaged in conversation, and after a little it turned on religious subjects. I found that neither of them were Christians, although both had been brought up by pious parents.

The great need of beginning life aright, and in harmony with the precious truths of the Bible, was pressed upon them. And, as the train sped on its way, they yielded their young hearts to Jesus, and solemnly promised to set up the family altar and by the help of God maintain Christian lives.

A few years later a stranger came into my place of business, and, recalling the above incident, he

said: "I am that man, and Jesus has been our Saviour ever since."

Together we bowed and thanked God that He had given them grace to keep their promise.

A Lady Traveler's Unconscious Influence for Good.

We want more traveling Christians. A Japanese senator got hold of a Bible with expositions. Reading it attentively, he pronounced Christianity a fine thing in theory, but the question was, Could it be lived?

While in this state he took an ocean trip. On the same steamer was a lady pointed out to him as a Christian. He watched her closely, and was convinced she practiced her Christian faith. Returning home, he went to a missionary and made a public profession of faith.

This lady did not know what was depending on her faithfulness. Had she behaved as some professed Christians do while traveling, the Japanese senator would not have been led to the light. "Let your light shine."—*Epworth Herald.*

"While stopping over at this place on our journey, we spent some time in distributing tracts and papers, and talking to sailors down on the wharf."

"The Lord greatly blessed us in our evangelistic labors as we traveled by private conveyance."

An Evangelist's Success While Traveling.

Rev. J. H. Kiplinger, of Cleveland, Tenn., writes for this book the following interesting incidents concerning the sainted Brother Henck:

Rev. F. W. Henck, evangelist, was one day addressing a crowd at a Southern depot, when a burly fellow stepped up and gave him an unceremonious round of profane abuse, and walked away.

Sometime afterwards Bro. Henck again met the man, who extended his hand with tears, and

ASKED HIS PARDON AND HIS PRAYERS,

with a promise to change his course of living and become a Christian.

At another time, while waiting for a train at a depot, Bro. H. sang and talked to a crowd, when a bold, impious fellow walked up directly in front of him and did the dirty deed of spitting a mouthful of

TOBACCO JUICE INTO HIS FACE,

and walked far enough away to watch the effect of his diabolical act. To his utter confusion and surprise the man saw Bro. H. quietly and meekly take his handkerchief from his pocket and wipe the "devil's juice" from his eyes and face. Soon after, before leaving the depot, the conquered man came and begged his pardon, with the promise to become a better man.

CONVERSION ON A TRAIN.

On another occasion Bro. Henck was riding on an east-bound train on the E. T. & V. R. R. to his

home near Charleston, Tenn., during which he held a service on a train. He was overheard by a wicked young man who was just returning from the West to his old home in Kentucky. The songs and testimony of Bro. H. touched his heart, and he was soon converted. The writer has heard many a joyful shout from this happy young man.

Evangelism on Board a Ship.

A sea-captain gave the following testimony in the Fulton street prayer-meeting, New York:

"I am a captain. My vessel is a place of prayer. My men are happy in the Lord. On the Lord's-day I read to them the word of God, and talk about the blessed Saviour.

"I say: 'Shipmates, I was a bad fellow, drifting on the lee-shore. I had not a minute to lose; I resolved to 'bout ship. I want you to sail with my Captain; He will bring you safely into port.'

"I cast anchor in this harbor. I have

SIXTEEN MEN FOR JESUS.

We have prayer-meeting, sometimes in the forecastle, sometimes in the cabin, and a happier crew never sailed into New York. If we get a man on board of our ship who is not a Christian, we give him no rest till he finds the Saviour."

If all our ships were mission or evangelistic chapels, what an influence for the conversion of the world would they produce!

"Thank You--Come Again."

Rev. D. W. Kerr, by request, writes the following:

After having boarded the train at Toledo, three of our company arranged ourselves together for our journey. Across the aisle sat four men who at once began to play at cards. We began to sing, "I have anchored my soul in the haven of rest," etc., and other suitable hymns, praying the Lord to bless the song service.

Some of the trainmen, at least, were affected enough as to say, when we got off the car, "Thank you—come again."

Eternity will reveal the results of that song service on the train.

Working for Jesus on the Way to Japan.

Elder L. B. Worcester, while on his way to Japan as a missionary, and stopping at many points on the journey, writes, among other good things, the following:

Jan. 9.—We took the boat for Seattle, Wash., and spent part of the day in personal work. We stopped at a Japanese mission for the night.

Jan. 10.—We went to Port Townsend, farther up the Puget Sound. Here we found many hungry souls. At our lodging house we found two decks of playing cards on the table in the parlor, and we put some Scriptural cards among them. Next morning

THE PLAYING CARDS HAD DISAPPEARED,

but the Scriptural tickets still lay on the table. At night we spoke in the Seamen's Mission, and a young German sailor was converted.

Jan 11.—We found opportunity for Gospel work on the wharf. Here we met an Indian chief who is a bright Christian.

Jan 12.—At Victoria, B. C., we did some Gospel work among the Japanese, and held a street-meeting in the evening. A rain came on, but the people stood in the rain to hear the Word.

In the evening we attended an Indian mission in the slums of the city, where we had an opportunity to speak to a number of Indians about their souls' salvation. Some of them are real bright Christians and speak and sing with much earnestness in their own language.

Jan 14.—We had a blessed street meeting in the evening. The people were very attentive and

HUNGRY FOR THE GOSPEL.

The power of God rested upon them, and some were anxious to talk with us and get papers and tracts.

Jan. 15.—We have traveled now, since leaving home, about 3,000 miles, and will have a voyage of 4,200 miles from here to Japan. God has wonderfully provided for us all the way.

"I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."—Gen. 28 : 15.

"The Religious Drummer" Became an Evangelist.

The Rev. L. L. Pickett, evangelist, of Wilmore, Ky., sends the following:

When I was pastor at Atlanta, Texas, friends asked me if I knew "The Religious Drummer." I inquired to whom they referred, and was told that Mr. John P. Long, of Little Rock, Ark., was known in that section as "The Religious Drummer."

When traveling from place to place he would always inquire for and attend church services, protracted meetings, take a front seat and an active part.

When selling a merchant goods, he would talk salvation and would frequently wind up his business with a prayer, in which perhaps the merchant would get saved.

Bro. Long's work for the Lord grew so much upon him, that he afterwards became an evangelist and is a very successful soul winner.

Railroad Evangelism in Tennessee.

Evangelist J. H. Kiplinger, by request, furnishes the following account of his own labors:

One morning, as I took a train to go to my home in Cleveland, Tenn., a bold, boisterous, rollicking "troop" of six persons, three men and three women, entered the same car. They gave free and vociferous vent to their feelings, as they danced up and down the aisle of the car, evidently having had a

"racket" with some one just before boarding the train.

After time had restored quietness, I received a very sensible conviction from the Spirit that I should now in turn

REPRESENT THE GOD-SIDE

of this gratuitous exhibition. The Spirit seemed to say:

"See how boldly these sinners represent the cause of their master! Will *you* let the opportunity pass without representing *my side* of the question?"

I answered, "Lord, give me strength, and I'll do it."

The needed help came, and after receiving permission from the conductor, I arose, with Bible in hand, saying:

"We have just heard the 'funny side' of life's pleasures; and now, if you please, I will try to represent the *Divine* side of the question by a passage from the Bible and song."

I then read from Luke 12: 8–21, after which I sang, "My Father is rich in houses and lands," etc., with one or two other pieces, and gave a short exposition and talk on personal experience.

The car was full of people, who were very attentive, among them the conductor and a noted Presbyterian evangelist. During all this time our noisy friends were completely nonplussed and reticent as mice. I then followed this service with a friendly handshake and a personal talk with a number, tell-

ing them of my own joy in the Lord, and urging them to a full surrender to God.

One of the ladies said: "I wish I were as happy as you are," and freely expressed the belief that the religion of Christ was the only source of true happiness. As I arose to leave the train at my station, they all

BOWED A HEARTY GOOD BYE,

to which I replied, "I shall meet you all at the judgment," and passed out, likely never to meet again on earth. Question: "What will the harvest be?"

On another occasion, as I was riding on a "dummy" train in the city of Chattanooga, I arose and sang, "I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem." After singing several songs I said: "I have found the 'philosopher's stone,' which turns everything it touches into gold," giving my personal experience. All seemed to be interested and to enjoy the exercises.

At the close a preacher said to me: "When I entered the car and heard you sing,

I FELT LIKE SHOUTING ALOUD,

but refrained lest I might disturb your service." To this I replied: "'Twould have been no disturbance; you shout when you please, for this world is dying for the want of the right kind of shouting."

We parted, hoping one day to shout on the Eden shore.

The Lady and the Little Girl.

I found a little girl on the train alone. After ministering to her temporal and spiritual wants, I felt that I had sown good seed in tender soil.

Going Through a Train with Tracts.

Some one, in giving his experience in regard to distributing tracts on a train, says: "The first time I went through a car, handing a tract to every person, I had to ask God for *courage* to enable me to do so. And then I offered a second petition, which was that God would *bless* the tracts to the good of those who received them."

This latter should *always* be done. Sometimes a kindly word or wish may also be well, as you pass along. Don't stop to discuss or argue. But if you feel prompted to have a quiet little talk with any one, by all means have it, but not without seeking God's guidance for yourself and His blessing on the message.—*A. W. O.*

Tracts Specially Adapted for Distribution While Traveling.

I would call the reader's attention to what is said on the third page about "Tracts." I hope the reading of the chapter on "Evangelism While Traveling" will stimulate all of us to practice this kind of work more than ever. Perhaps the least that we can do will be to engage in tract work—not only while traveling, but as much as possible at all times.

A. W. Orwig.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN TRAVELING.

The title of this chapter does by no means imply that in all cases of danger, while traveling, the Christian may expect deliverance. Not any more so than that he is always delivered from accident or death at other times.

But there have been, and still are, such unmistakable evidences of God's special protection, and of His providence otherwise, in behalf of certain persons, while traveling, that there is no room, it appears to me, for honest doubt.

Simply this fact is set forth in the following chapter, without any attempt at explaining the ways of God in connection with this subject.

Why God permits some of His children to perish in a railroad wreck or through a wrecked vessel, is not for us to know, though we may have certain theories about the matter. But this we all know, that infinite wisdom and love control all His actions.

The following Scripture passages, among others, ought to afford us great comfort, even while traveling; and even if they should not always hold out in reference to the body, they certainly will in ref-

erence to the soul. But, claimed by true faith, they have often been the means of averting physical calamity.

"Thou Lord only makest me dwell in safety."—Ps. 4: 8.

"Who redeemeth thy life from destruction."—Ps. 103: 4.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Ps. 34: 7.

I trust the perusal of this chapter will quicken the reader's faith, as it has quickened mine.

A. W. ORWIG.

Missed the Train, but Saved His Life.

A gentleman intending to travel on a certain train, reached the station too late. His watch had misled him, having *stopped for the first time.* The train he missed was thrown over an embankment and nearly all on board were killed. The man thus saved is a preacher of the Gospel and has led thousands of souls to Christ.

Travelers Saved by Prayer.

I was crossing the Alps with a large party. An avalanche had, the night before, piled the snow seventeen feet on the railroad. The passengers were packed in a miserable cavern with forty drivers, desperate-looking fellows, not far removed from brigands. A single candle lighted the cave. Rob-

bery was no uncommon thing in that place. There was no house for miles. Both robbery and murder could have been inflicted. As it was, blackmail was levied on the entire company. Every one was impressed with the peril of our position. A hand took hold of mine; it was a stranger's. A voice said: "I wish we were in the Fulton-street prayer-meeting."

The face I could not see, and do not know to this day who the friend was that spoke. It turned all thoughts heavenward.

Deliverance came; no one was harmed. Desperate men were kept back, and we crossed the Alps in safety. *Nothing but prayer saved us.*

Deliverance from Danger at Sea.

The Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Philadelphia, had the following fact from the pastor of the lady mentioned:

The packet ship Albion, full of passengers from America, was wrecked about fifty years ago, on the coast of Ireland, and the news was, that all on board had perished. A minister near Philadelphia, on reading a list of the lost, found among them the name of one of the members of his congregation, and went immediately to inform the wife of the sad fact. She had been earnestly praying, during the voyage of her husband, and had received

ASSURANCE OF HIS SAFETY

amid great danger. Hence, to the astonishment of her pastor, after he had informed her of the ship-

wreck, and showed her the list of names of those who were lost, she *told him that it was a mistake;* that her husband had been in extreme peril, but *was not dead.* When the next tidings were received, it proved that her husband was among the passengers, and had been in great peril; but that he had escaped, and was the only one saved!—*Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D. D.*

A Lady Traveler Wonderfully Delivered from Injury.

The following most remarkable experience was related, years ago, by Mrs. Harriet B. Hastings, wife of the Rev. L. B. Hastings, editor of *The Christian,* Boston, Mass. The story is indeed thrilling, and shows conclusively the hand of the Lord in her deliverance from a serious calamity. She says:

In the Winter of 1858, while residing in Rochester, N. Y., my husband went to New York, and being obliged to remain a considerable length of time, he telegraphed a request to me to come and join him in work for souls. I accordingly arranged my household affairs, and took an evening train for Albany, en route for New York.

Upon entering the railway carriage I felt a strange sensation of uneasiness come over me. I had often traveled alone and without anxiety, and was courageous and independent; but I could not dispel a dreadful apprehension of approaching danger, which hung like a shadow over my mind. I tried to resist the feeling, but in vain. All night long, as

the train thundered over its iron track for more than two hundred miles, the fear of coming calamity lay like a burden on my thoughts; sleep fled from my eyelids; all efforts to feel unconcerned were vain, and I could only

PRAY THE LORD TO SPARE MY LIFE

to reach my journey's end in peace, and meet my husband once more.

At sunrise we arrived at Albany and I gladly left the train, thankful that I was safely there, and pleased to feel that all my gloomy fears and fancies were but the offspring of disordered nerves and the results of physical exhaustion. But when we crossed the Hudson river and entered the Harlem railroad cars for New York, to my astonishment my apprehensions returned again with redoubled force, and I felt certain that some disaster was about to occur. It seemed to me that the train which we were on was destined to be smashed to pieces; and though I tried to persuade myself that it was

BUT AN IDLE WHIM,

the result of mere nervous depression, yet no skill of reasoning or force of will could banish the feeling from my mind.

I occupied a seat near the forward end of the carriage, over the wheels, and, after riding some two hours in this state of anxiety and perturbation, I thought I heard a voice saying to me, "*Put your feet up on the seat.*" I turned to see if any one had spoken to me, but no one was sitting near; and I

started to draw my feet up beneath me on the seat, when the thought occurred to me that such a posture would look strangely to the other passengers, and I stopped. Again the voice seemed to say,

"PUT YOUR FEET UP ON THE SEAT!"

and thinking only of the strangeness of the suggestion, and how foolish I was to yield to such impressions, I said, "I *will not* be so nervous," and planted my feet firmly on the floor.

My apprehensions of danger, however, increased, and I could but continue in earnest prayer that God would protect me to my journey's end. A few moments of suspense thus passed away, and there was a sudden report as of an explosion, and a hissing roar as of escaping steam; the train came to a sudden stand-still; the passengers screamed and rushed for the door, while I, forgetful that I had ever known a fear, sat calmly in my seat, half amused at the surrounding tumult that filled the car.

At that moment the conductor entered the car and said, "Be calm; be calm; there is no one hurt;" and then looking along on the floor as if in search of something, he came to where I sat, glanced down upon the floor in front of my seat, and looking at me with astonishment he inquired,

"ARE YOU NOT FRIGHTENED?"

"Oh, no," I replied, forgetting to mention that I had my part of the fright before. "Well, you are one among a thousand," said he. He pointed to the floor beneath my feet. A portion of it, some

eighteen inches square, was stove and splintered up, and the pieces of a broken car-wheel were visible, crowding their way up through the wreck. For the first time I then noticed that

MY FEET WERE DRAWN UP BENEATH ME ON THE SEAT!

How or when they got there I never knew. The conductor inquired, "Are you hurt?" I replied I was not. He said, "If your feet had been down there you might have been injured badly;" and turning to a gentleman who stood by he remarked, "If we had not discovered just at that moment that the boiler was *nearly dry*, and that we were in danger of an explosion, we should not have halted, and the train would have been all smashed up!"

I had noticed previously an unusual thumping beneath my feet, but attributed it to the roll and jostle of the wheels; but it appeared that there was a broken car wheel under me, and if that wheel had made a dozen revolutions more, I should probably have been a torn and mangled corpse, the train would have been wrecked, and this story would have never been told.

The stopping of the train at that critical time, was, I doubt not, the means of saving my life.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

"Safety is of the Lord."—Prov. 21: 31.

A Train Stopped in Answer to Prayer.

Rev. D. W. Kerr, evangelist, of Findlay, Ohio, furnishes the following:

While traveling over the P. & A. R. R., in company with several other persons, to a point on the T. & O. C. R. R., where an appointment had been made for religious services, we learned upon our arrival at A. that there was but one more train over the T. & O. C. R. R., that day which would stop at station A.

We enquired of the station agent if it were possible to have the fast Express stop for us. He very positively refused to consider our request.

We then committed the matter to the Lord, claiming the promise, "The heart of the king is in the Lord's hand as the rivers of water, and he turneth it whithersoever he will."—Prov. 21: 1. The Lord not only changed the attitude of the agent, but moved him to secure an order from the superintendent of the railroad to flag the Express train for us.

We realized the fulfillment of the promise, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass."—Ps. 37: 5.

Prayer Decided Which Road to Take.

The famous Samuel Rutherford, whose piety is fragrant to this day in Scotland, had a friend, a Mr. Blair, who was on his way to London to Port Patrick, and who greatly desired to make two visits, on his road, but had only time for one, as the per-

sons whom he wished to see lived on different routes. One of these was Mr. Rutherford, who resided at Anworth, and the other was a lady of special piety, Marion Macknaught, who lived at Kirkcudbright.

Coming to the parting of the road, where he must decide to which of the two places to go, he dropped the bridle on the neck of his horse, and

PRAYED EARNESTLY TO BE DIVINELY DIRECTED.

Then he allowed the horse to take his own way, which proved to be the road to Kirkcudbright. When he reached that place, behold there were both of his friends whom he desired to see; for Mr. Rutherford was on a visit to Marion Macknaught!

Here is a case to which applies the statement of the wise man (Prov. 16: 33): "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."—*Prayer and its Remarkable Answers.*

Delivered from the Awful Ashtabula Disaster.

The Rev. Frank S. Lyon, of Cleveland, Ohio, related to the publisher of this book the following remarkable circumstance, he having heard it from the lips of the person mentioned:

The famous lecturer, Col. Sanford, was on his way from Buffalo to Cleveland, on the ill-fated train which was wrecked at Ashtabula, Ohio, on the night of Dec. 29, 1876, the same train on which the greatly lamented Mr. P. P. Bliss and wife lost their lives.

As the train was nearing the town of Girard, Pa., Col. Sanford was somewhat strongly impressed to leave it at that place. The impression seemed strange indeed, as he knew no one in the town and had no business there whatever; besides a terrible blizzard was blowing at the time.

Under these circumstances, he endeavored to throw off the impression; but it came to him in such an overwhelming manner that he left the train and sought shelter for the night at the nearest hotel.

When he arose in the morning the news of the disaster had reached Girard; and, with a trembling lip and thankful heart, he confessed his firm belief that the Heavenly Father had saved him from going down in the awful wreck.

Superhuman Control of the Locomotive in Answer to Prayer.

The following instance is given in the experience of a correspondent of *The Christian*, which occurred in November, 1864, while traveling with her aged father and two small girls:

We started from New Hampshire on Thursday morning, expecting to have ample time to get through to Indiana before Saturday night; but, after we crossed the St. Lawrence river, the next day, I think, there was a smash-up on a freight train which hindered our train about two hours. I began to feel anxious, as I knew our limited means would

not permit us to stop long on the way. After the cars had started again I inquired of the conductor what time we should get to Toledo, fearing we should not reach there in time for the down train. He said it would be impossible to gain the time. Soon they changed conductors, and I made a similar inquiry, getting about the same answer. Still I hoped, till we reached the Detroit River. Here I found that, though they had put on all the steam they dared to, they were almost an hour behind time, so I should have to stay over till Sunday night.

After getting seated in the cars on the other side, I ventured to ask the conductor if we should get to Toledo in time for the down train. He readily said:

"NO, MADAM, IMPOSSIBLE!

If we put on all the steam we dare to, we shall be more than half an hour behind time. If we were on some trains, we might hope they would wait; but on this, never! He is the most exact conductor you ever saw. He was never known to wait a second, say nothing about a minute, beyond the time."

I then inquired if we could not stay at the depot. He said: "No; you would all freeze to death, for the fire is out till Sunday evening."

A gentleman sitting in front of us said he would show us a good hotel near by, as he was acquainted there. I thanked him, but sank back on my seat. Covering my eyes with my hand, and raising my heart to God, I said: "O God, if thou art my Fa-

ther, and I am thy child, put it into the heart of that conductor to wait till we get there."

Soon I became calm and fell asleep, not realizing that God would answer my poor prayer; but, when we reached Toledo, to the astonishment of us all, there stood the conductor, wanting to know the reason why we had to wait; when our conductor told him there was a lady with a crippled father and two little daughters, who were going down on that train.

As soon as all were out of the car, both conductors came with their lanterns, and gave their aid in helping my father to the other train, where they had reserved seats by keeping the door locked. All was hurry and confusion to me, as I had my eye on father, fearing he might fall, it being very slippery, when the baggage-master said: "Your checks, madam!" I handed them to him and rushed into the car; but, before I got seated, the car started, and I had no checks for my baggage. Again my heart cried out:

"O THOU THAT HEAREST PRAYER,

take care of my baggage!" In a few moments the conductor came to me with a face radiant with smiles, saying: "Madam, *I waited a whole half hour for you;* a thing I never did before since I was a conductor, so much as to wait one minute after my time."

He said: "I know it was your father I was waiting for, because there was nothing else on the train for which I could have waited." I exclaimed, in a

half-suppressed tone, "Praise the Lord!" I could not help it; it gushed out. Then he said:

"At the very moment all were on board, and I was ready to start, such a feeling came over me as I had never had in my life before.

I COULD NOT START.

Something kept saying to me, you must wait, for there is something pending on that train you must wait for. I waited, and here you are, all safe."

Again my heart said, "Praise the Lord!" and he started to leave me, when I said: "But there is one thing."

"What is it?" was his quick reply.

"I gave the baggage-master my checks, and have none in return."

"What were the numbers?"

I told him, and he said, "I have them," handing them to me; "but your baggage will not be there till Monday morning. We had no time to put it on we had waited so long."

Saved from a Horrible Fate While Traveling.

A loved friend of ours related to us, with deep emotion, how some years ago he was strangely saved from a horrible death.

He was on a night express train, going west from Philadelphia, occupying a seat alone. He had traveled on the same train scores of times. While engaged in reading a daily paper a strange uneasiness

seized him, and a sudden impulse moved him to leave his seat. Scarcely had he stepped out into the aisle of the car when a heavy iron bar broken and torn from its place below, was driven with tremendous force through the floor of the car, tearing and ripping its way upward through the flooring and the seat, at the very spot where he had been seated just a moment before

Had he remained in that seat he would have been horribly mutilated and instantly killed. Of course the saved man saw the hand of God in his deliverance.—*Rev. H. B. Hartzler, D. D.*

A Ship's Crew Saved in Answer to Prayer.

I had a singular experience, which is very vivid to my mind. The precise year I cannot say, and I may be mistaken in the name of the vessel.

But somewhere about the year 1860, the bark Benjamin Burgess sailed from Boston for Cienfugos. The crew were mostly from the house of which I had charge. There had been, and there still was, a powerful religious influence pervading the house. I said to the men as they were going on board: "Remember,

I SHALL PRAY FOR YOU EVERY DAY."

I made it a practice, directly after 12 M., to retire and commune with God.

One day, after the bark had been gone about six weeks, while bringing up before the Lord the different cases, this crew was presented with unusual in-

terest. I was thrown into an agony of feeling before God, and I cried to Him to have mercy on that crew. Such were my feelings. I noted the time. After the terrible struggle in prayer for God to save that crew, with strong cries and tears, there came into my feeling a great peace, as though prayer were answered, and that crew made safe.

Unbeknown to me, the bark was chartered to go to Antwerp, and thence to Boston. On their arrival back, I said:

"Boys, did you have a hard time in either passage?"

"Yes," said they, "a fearful time on the voyage from Cienfugos to Antwerp. We were being driven upon the rocks in a terrible gale and storm. Captain Snow said to us: 'Boys, there is no hope and

NO DELIVERANCE, UNLESS GOD HELPS;'

and sure enough, to our great astonishment, there came a wind from off the shore, and we were saved."

The day of my agony of prayer before the Lord for that crew, that they might be saved, was the day they were having that terrible experience on the bark. I have no comments to make on that experience. I simply give the facts in the case.—*M. Hamilton, in Christian Witness.*

A Narrow Escape from Death.

The *Christian Harvester*, of Cleveland, Ohio, in giving an account of the deliverance of a lady from a shocking death, says: "She narrowly escaped

drowning. The train fell through a burning bridge into the river. Four lives were lost. She hung by her hands to the brackets above the car-seat, till a man swam to her and rescued her. Her husband *considers her escape a miracle.*"

Divinely Helped to Reach an Appointment.

The Rev. Thomas K. Doty, editor of the *Christian Harvester*, tells how the Lord enabled him, against adverse circumstances, to fulfill an engagement to preach the Gospel at a totally neglected place. After describing the place as "an isolated neighborhood," in a mountainous region in the State of New York, he says:

I was led to send an appointment into the neighborhood for a meeting. It was to be held at a certain hour in the afternoon. This was during the Summer of 1860, and my first year in the ministry.

When the day came for filling the appointment, about a dozen of us started up the river toward the lake, in a boat. The most of the company went for the pleasure of going, but I went solemnly to preach the Gospel of the Son of God. The boat was moved with oars; there was a sail, but this was useless while we were in the river. It was a considerable distance up the river, perhaps a mile. But there was a boom in it the whole distance up the lake, and this, added to the facts that the river was very narrow, and there were logs on one side

of the boom a large part of the way, made our progress very slow.

As we at last emerged from the river into the lake, with two miles of lake between us and my appointment, I looked at my watch, and saw at once that by rowing we could not reach the school-house in time. There was no wind, so the sail could not be used. I sat in the stern of the boat, and thought. Being late to meeting was particularly obnoxious to me; what should be done? I prayed.

PRAYER ALWAYS BRINGS US OUT RIGHT;

praise God! I said nothing to the company, but simply prayed. As I prayed, I began to believe. Believe what? That the wind would spring up, so that I could get to the school-house in time. And, sure enough! in a very short time the breeze began —at first very gently, and then increasing, until it became almost a gale. The sail was quickly unfurled, and we scuded through that little lake at a wonderful speed. Arriving at the shore, the waves ran so high that it was with some difficulty that we could safely land.

The result was, myself and wife arrived at the school-house before any of the congregation. In due time the people were on hand, and I had the pleasure of dealing out to them the saving word of God.

There was no wind, but there was a pressing necessity for it. Prayer was made, faith was exercised, and the wind came. Was it a miracle? That is what I call it—call it what you will. Praise God!

Prayer Brings Money While Traveling.

Rev. J. H. Kiplinger gives the following account of divine help afforded in time of need:

Some years ago I was returning, with my family, from a trip to Ohio and Indiana, via Chicago, to St. Joseph, Mo. Having miscalculated the amount of money needed on the way, we ran short about five dollars. At the depot in Chicago a ticket was demanded for our little boy who had gone free all along up to this point. We had enough to take us through with this exception. But here we were stopped in a great city, without money and without personal friends, as far as we could know.

I undertook to explain the situation to the agent, offering to refund the money for a ticket as soon as we could reach home; but to no avail. The train being nearly due, I had little time for plans and consideration.

I AT ONCE RESORTED TO PRAYER.

My silent dispatch to Divine headquarters brought an immediate answer in the person of a stranger who stood near by and heard my story as given to the agent. Recognizing my situation, he stepped up to the agent, and giving his familiar name, asked him to grant my request under the circumstances. But the agent positively declined.

The stranger then hastily took me to what I presume was the general ticket office, where he presented my case in a few words, and at once secured a ticket for my boy without any conditions. We

both hastily returned in time for the ready train, where wife and children were anxiously awaiting my return. We of course poured profuse thanks into the bosom of our strange friend, who was still standing by to see us safely off.

As we were about to step into the car, he kindly asked: "Have you any change to buy what you need on the way?"

With a little "knot" in my throat, and a big "*swell*" in my heart, I answered, "No, sir," whereupon he drew a silver dollar from his pocket, and added: "Take this (and handing his card, and when you get home you can send it back; if not, it's all right."

"Thanks" seemed as *trash* just then. So we bowed ourselves away to the train with a "God bless you."

Suffice it to say, the dollar was duly returned, with the assurance of prayers for him and his at our family altar.

An Over-ruling Providence in Behalf of a Distressed Mother While Traveling.

Some years ago a mother was returning to her eastern home with a dying child. It was Saturday afternoon when her train stopped at a way-station fifteen minutes for refreshments. Here she learned that the train with which she expected to connect left fifteen minutes before her train was due, and there would be no more trains over that road until Monday morning. In her deep distress she ran up

to the engine and appealed to the engineer to make connection if possible. He shook his head, pointed to the time-table, and replied, "My instructions are to run by the time-table."

Her heart sank within her, but, as she hastened to her dying child,

SHE LIFTED A PRAYER TO HEAVEN

for the engineer. The engineer was a Christian, and, as he saw the distressed face turn away, he felt an impulse come into his soul to at least pray for the poor woman.

The road before him was clear. Everything worked to a charm. The passengers got off and on with unusual promptness, and he actually made seven minutes' time. As his train rushed into the depot, *there stood the other train*, and the conductor wondered why he had held it so long, eight minutes beyond the time of departure. The woman with her precious charge

MADE THE CONNECTION,

and reached her father's house in good time.

We have always believed the circumstances were ordered of God, in answer to the burdened and distressed mother's prayer; and it is but an illustration of how He overrules the "impossible" to the good of his children. Oh, how God loves to honor the faith of His children.—*Zion's Watchman.*

(See the above story told in verse on the next page.)

"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—Ps. 50: 15.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

POEMS ON TRAVELERS AND TRAVELING.

God Held the Train at B---.

"Madam, we miss the train at B—."
"But can't you make it sir?" she gasped.
"Impossible! it leaves at three,
And we are due a quarter past."
"Is there no way? Oh, tell me then,
Are you a Christian?" "I am not."
"And are there none among the men
Who run the train?" "No—I forgot;
I think the fellow over here,
Oiling the engine, claims to be."
She threw upon the engineer
A fair face, white with agony.

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"Then, oh, sir, won't you pray with me
All the long way that God will stay,
That God will hold the train at B—?"
"'Twill do no good; it's due at three,
And—." "Yes, but God can hold the train;
My dying child is calling me,
And I must see her face again;

Oh, won't you pray?" "I will," a nod
Emphatic, as he takes his place.
When Christians grasp the arm of God
They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train
On time, swept past the wood and lea;
The engineer, with cheeks aflame,
Prayed, "O Lord, hold the train at B—."
Then flung the throttle wide, and like
Some giant monster of the plain,
With panting side and mighty strides,
Past hill and valley swept the train.

A half, a minute, two are gained;
Along those burnished lines of steel
His glances leap, each nerve is strained,
And still he prays with fervent zeal.
Heart, hand and brain with one accord
Work, while his prayer ascends to heaven:
"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,
And I'll make up the other seven."

With rush and roar through meadow lands,
Past cottage home and green hillsides,
The panting thing obeys his hands,
And speeds along with mighty strides.

* * * * * *

They say an accident delayed
The train a little while; but He,
Who listened while His children prayed,
In answer held the train at B—.

The Heaven-Bound Traveler.

I saw a way-worn traveler
In tattered garments clad,
And, struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad;
His back was heavy-laden,
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come!"

—*James B. Matthias.*

A Little Band of Travelers.

We are but young travelers—
Just a little band,
All untried the roadway—
Far from Beulah's land—
Marching and singing,
Working with a will—
If we sometimes falter,
Loving Jesus still.

God's own hand is leading,
And if rough the way,
Jesus went before us—
Keeps us day by day.

Blessed Saviour help us,
Close to follow Thee,
Loyal service giving,
Till from earth we're free.

—*Mrs. Annie D. Darling, in Episcopal Recorder.*

A Traveler's Meditations.

I journey through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled
Of Him on whom I lean—my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows by the way.

Thoughts of His coming! for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
Oh, what a sunrise will that advent be!

On Board the Gospel Ship.

Slacken no sail, brother,
At inlet or island,
Straight by the compass steer,
Straight for the highland.

Set thy sail carefully,
Darkness is round thee,
Steer thy course steadily,
Quicksands may ground thee.

Fear not the darkness,
Dread not the night;
God's Word is thy compass,
Christ is thy light.

Crowd all thy canvass on,
Out through the foam!
It soon will be morning,
And heaven be thy home.

The Last Journey.

Mother, come near and kiss me,
I can scarcely see you, dear,
Last night I heard the splash of the waves,
And I know the end is near.
I saw the silent boatman
Turn, and beckon to me,
Hold tight my hand till the boat puts off,
'Tis so dark out there on the sea.

So dark, and the waves moan round me,
It seems so hard to die.
But "His will be done," dear mother,
Kiss me again good-bye.
Don't cry any more, it grieves me,
Kneel close by my side and pray,
When the tide goes out at sundown,
It will bear my soul away.

All my tasks are unfinished,
All of my wonderful plans,
And now I take to my Saviour
Nothing but "empty hands."
Will He turn away from me, mother,
When He sees I bring nothing for Him?
Do you think He will let me finish the work
I tried so hard to begin?

You say, "He but judges intentions,"
Then He'll know I meant to do right.
Oh, if only He does not spurn me,
And thrust me away from His sight;

Oh, if He but speaks to me kindly,
And turns not His face from me,
I shall not mind the journey
Over the midnight sea.

I shall not mind how the waters leap,
Or fear the long, dark night,
If only I anchor safe at last
In the haven of God's own light.
And I'll ask Him to tell me, mother,
When He sends for you to come home;
I am sure He will know how lonely
It is for you here alone.

Hold fast to my hand, dear mother,
The waves are beginning to toss;
Don't forget, I'll watch for you every day,
Till the boatman brings you across.
I'll wave my hand when I see you come,
So you'll know me from afar;
And together we'll enter the unbarred gate
That stands forever ajar.

—*Helene Williams, in Cleveland Leader.*

What poor, despised company
Of travelers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?
They "are the Lord's alone."

—*From an Old Hymn.*

The Poppy-Land Limited Express.

The first train leaves at 6 P. M.,
For the land where the poppy blows;
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace-car is the mother's arms;
The whistle, a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks, and nods, and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train!

At 8 P. M. the next train starts
For the Poppy-land afar;
The summons clear falls on the ear:
"All aboard for the sleeping-car!"

"But what is the fare to Poppy-land?
I hope it is not too dear."
The fare is this—a hug and a kiss,
And its paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took
On His knee, in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day,
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear;
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

—*E. W. Abbott, in The Christian Union.*

The Lights We Pass.

Through train window's clear white glass,
Gazing at the lights we pass;
Lights in hall and tiny cot,
Wondering what may be the lot

Of him on whom the light doth fall,
In the cot and in the hall;
Lights in palace, lights in den,
Cathedral window, prison pen.

Much of joy but more of woe
Could the lights unto us show,
If we could but check our speed
And give thought to others' need.

Thus we rush along life's way,
Wondering idly, as we may,
Safe behind our window glass,
Whereon fall the lights we pass.

—*Frank Chaffee, in Magazine of Travel.*

Traveling Homeward.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

A Little Traveler.

There's a merry little traveler
  Coming, coming,
Coming to visit you and me.
  His step is light,
  His face is bright,
And his smile is pleasant to see.

His home is in the Future,
  Golden, golden,
But now he's going to the past,
  And while on his way
  A little he'll stay,
To fulfill his promise at last.

I am sure that you'll meet him
  Gladly, gladly,
For laden with treasures he'll be;
  But we shall not know
  What gifts he'll bestow,
Until his smiling face we see.

He has many, many brothers,
  Elder, elder,
Who all this way have trod before,
  And they tarried, too,
  As they passed through,
Long enough at the door.

Do you know this little traveler,
  Darling, darling!

That's coming to visit you and me?
'Tis the glad New Year;
Now he is here;
May he bring rich blessings to thee!

O Traveler, Stay!

O traveler, stay, one moment, stay!
The gathering storm of death is near.
Refresh thy needy, fainting soul
With bread I offer for thy cheer.

Yes, pilgrim, rest, lay down thy staff!
This sacred cup of blessing take.
The night is dark, the valley near;
God send thee peace for Jesus' sake!

Art thou in haste, must journey on?
Then Jesus, Shepherd, go with thee!
He leads His flock the valley through,
Thy God, thy guide, till death will be.

Not long the road, though rough and dark;
'Twill safely home all pilgrims bring,
And at the valley's end there shines
The palace gateway of the King.

—*Rev. E. A. Rand, in S. S. Journal.*

Traveling to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father, let me grasp Thy hand,
Lead me on, lead me on!

The Railway of Love.

This *chemin de fer* runs to True Love Town,
Past Topsy-Turvy and Upside-Down,
Stopping at Jealousy, Discord and Strife,
Yet ever the popular railway of life.

O'er rough roads and never on time,
With accidents many along the line,
Yet crowds hurry each train to take,
Eagerly rushing to tempt their fate.

And so the Railway of Love doth run,
O'er wreck-strewn road from sun to sun,
And never a road has such renown,
For does it not lead to True Love Town?

The Kissing Train.

"Toot, toot, t-o-o-t!" What train is this?
Just a merry little miss,
On the road, you understand,
From Wide-eyes to Nid-nod Land.

Ma-town, Pa-town—both are passed;
Sister-town will be the last;
I am Brother-town, you see;
Now the whistle sounds for me.

Two brown eyes draw near to mine,
Two soft arms my neck entwine,
Two sweet lips my own lips press,
With a childlike playfulness.

"Toot, to-oo-oot, ding, dong!" We part—
Bless her loving little heart!
Flaxen curls and snowy gown
Flutter off to Sister-town.

Play is over; prayers are said;
Eyelids droop; now off to bed.
Wonder if she'll understand
Half she sees in Nid-nod Land?

—*Robin Adair.*

Souvenirs of Travel.

Plume-dropping ferns and tufted reeds,
From woods where tangled sunbeams lay
Snared by the wild untrampled weeds,
Where blackbirds whistle all the day;

Fringed mosses, softer than the light
That kissed away their tears of dew;
Long trailing vines with leafage bright
And autumn blooms of brilliant hue;

White gleaming shells from where the waves
Sing once again the siren's song;
And pebbles, found where ocean's caves,
The chorus of the sea prolong;

Big, ghostly moth, with mottled wings,
And spooky bugs in armor dressed,
And grotesque bones of unknown things
And some things worse than all the rest—

With these I startle room and hall;
I pin them up with memories glad,
Until each staring, frenzied wall
Looks like a crazy quilt gone mad.

—*R. J. Burdette, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

"Faith" Outsailed All the Rest.

I stood and watched my ships go out,
Each, one by one, unmooring free,
The time the quiet harbor filled
With flood tide by the sea.

The first that sailed, her name way Joy,
She spread a smooth, white, ample sail,
And eastward drove, with bending spars,
Before the singing gale.

The next that sailed, her name was Hope,
No cargo in her hold she bore,
Thinking to find, in western lands,
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love,
She showed a red flag at the mast,
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And toward the south sped fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith,
Slowly she took her passage forth,
Tacked, and lay to; at last she steered
A straight course for the north.

My gallant ships, they sailed away,
Over the shimmering summer sea.
I stood at watch for many a day,
But only one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain,
Hope ran upon a hidden reef,
And Love took fire, and foundered fast
In whelming seas of grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn,
But recompensed me all my loss,
For as a cargo safe she brought
A crown linked to a cross.

Near the End of the Journey.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than ever I've been before;
Nearer my Father's house
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the Jasper sea.

—*Phoebe Carey.*

None Need Journey Alone.

I need not travel here alone,
For Jesus is my guide;
Each day I have Him—hallelujah!
Journeying by my side. —*A. W. O.*

The Christian at the Station.

I am waiting at the station
For the heavenly train to come,
Which will speed me through the tunnel
To my happy, heavenly home.

CHORUS.

Waiting, waiting at the station,
Longing for my destination,
Happy in a full salvation,
Eager for my heavenly home.

Slowly drag the passing moments,
Human voices harshly grate;
Long I've lingered at the station,
And the train seems very late.

Here the air is damp and chilly,
And the light burns very low,
Fastly fall the dark'ning shadows,
And my spirit longs to go.

Hark! I hear the welcome whistle,
Now the train appears for me;
Loved ones bear me gently to it,
Soon my home my eyes shall see.

Listen! what seraphic singing!
See! the angels fill the sky!
Heaven with loudest praise is ringing;
Let me go! good-bye! good-bye!

Passing through Death's lighted tunnel,
Heaven's spires I now behold,

And its walls of gleaming jasper,
With its streets of shining gold.

See! my Saviour comes to meet me,
Oh, what welcomes glad await!
Loved ones fly with smiles to greet me,
As I pass the pearly gate.

Heaven's triumphant raptures fill me,
All my sorrows now are passed;
Joys immortal sweetly thrill me,
Glory! I am Home at last.

CHORUS.

No more waiting at the station,
Longing for my destination;
Happy in a full salvation,
Glad to reach my heavenly home.

The Sinner at the Station.

Time has dragged me to the station
Where the dreaded train will come,
Which shall bear me through Death's tunnel,
To my fearful, final doom.
Swiftly fly the passing moments;
Time with me will soon be o'er,
And amid eternal torments
I must dwell forevermore.

Loved ones, sobbing, gather round me,
Hopeless, sad, and weary, wait,

Pleading all in vain for mercy,
'Tis too late! *too late!* TOO LATE!
Oh, the Saviour, gently knocking,
Sought my wayward heart to win;
But I quenched the Holy Spirit,
And refused to let Him in.

Hark! I hear the dreaded whistle,
Now the train has come for me;
Death, the sheriff, drags me to it,
Soon in doom my soul shall be.
Horrors! devils gather round me,
Frantic in their fierce delight,
As they seize another victim,
Downward borne to endless night.

Passing through Death's chilly tunnel,
Now the gates of Doom I see,
And the fearful, fiery billows
Of a lost Eternity.
Devils, dark and leering demons,
There with hellish glee await;
Foes from earth who madly hate me
Rush to seize me at the gate.

See them! see them! drive them from me!
Snatch me from their fury fierce,
Or their torments on forever
Will my sinking spirit pierce.
Horrors dark past all expression,
Seize my wretched, sinful soul,
As the waves of dark damnation
O'er my guilty spirit roll.

Oh, remember, dying sinners,
What your fearful doom will be,
If you do not turn from evil
And to Jesus quickly flee.
On the cross He died to save you
From your sins and fearful fate;
Oh, accept His proffered mercy
Ere you cry "*Too late!* TOO LATE!"

(*The two foregoing Poems are by Rev. M. W. Knapp, and with his permission taken from "Tears and Triumphs."*)

The Railroad of Success.

The Grand Trunk Railroad of Success,
It runs through every clime,
But the cars of Opportunity
They go on schedule time,
And never are their brakes reversed—
They won't back up again
To take the men who get there
Just in time to miss the train.

We are All Travelers.

Life is but a journey brief,
Even though old age we reach;
This great truth our Father's Book
Surely doth the pilgrim teach.
Shall we not then travel in
That blest path which leads to heav'n?
Oh, let all press daily on
Till the blissful prize is giv'n.—*A. W. O.*

CHAPTER NINE.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TRAVELERS.

[In this chapter are included also travelers of and references to Young Peoples' Societies of various denominations.]

A Remarkable Record of Travel.

The Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, after having nearly completed a trip, with others, around the world, wrote to *The Golden Rule*, July, 1893, as follows:

"If ever travelers had reason to thank God for 'journeying mercies,' we are those travelers. Thirty-nine thousand miles of sea and land have been traversed without an accident or detention."

"The Jacob's Ladder Line" of Travel.

Just preceding and during the great International Christian Endeavor Convention, held in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1894, the greatest passenger railroad strike on record occurred. This doubtless prevented many from attending the convention. They feared to start, while some, possibly, could not even start.

A fear had also been entertained by some that the strike would so seriously affect the attendance as to

interfere with the general success of the convention. The Rev. Dr. J. Z. Tyler, the committee's efficient chairman, and many, perhaps all of the members of the committee, did not, however, share in this fear. For in his enthusiastic and inspiring address, Dr. Tyler said that their faith had never really wavered regarding the attendance. He added:

"We knew there was one line the strikers could not close—the Jacob's Ladder Line—and we were expecting our largest delegations over that."

Thus faith, prayer and pluck did wonders as to the numerical success of the convention, not to speak of success otherwise; for it is well known that many left their distant homes with all sorts of rumors afloat as to their probable detention for so long a time as to prevent their getting to the convention at all.

But of those confronted with real risks and perils, and yet took "the Jacob's Ladder Line" of travel, it cannot be questioned that they were carried through. A. W. Orwig.

Singing While Homeward Bound.

Concerning a happy company of young Christian Endeavorers, returning from a State Convention, one of them wrote:

"As we drove off, singing, 'God be with you,' we each felt that we had done something 'for Christ and the church.'"

Notice.

Articles specially written for this chapter have the authors' names, or their initials, in small capitals. Selections are designated as in other chapters, when the author or source is known.

"Car Wheel Talks."

While traveling, Mr. John G. Woolley writes under the above caption to Christian Endeavorers, as follows:

"Let us turn off the light of law in the drink shops, and make them do their cursed business in the dark, like other robbers, and let us batter down the painted hatches of the hell of drink, and seal them with our seal of Y. P. S. of C. E.,—*Young Peoples' Society of Crime-Extermination.*"

"All Aboard," They Have a Sunrise Prayer-Meeting.

During the great Cleveland Convention of Christian Endeavorers, in July, 1894, about five hundred delegates came across Lake Erie, per boat, from Detroit to Cleveland.

The trip was made at night. Early in the morning, about sunrise, the entire company of Christian young people gathered on deck, and held a "sunrise prayer-meeting" on the floating palace.

Such a thing had perhaps never before happened on Lake Erie's restless waves. Five hundred youthful souls poured out their hearts in prayer to

God in the brightening glow of that Summer morning, while out upon the virgin stillness floated a mighty volume of hearty praise to the Almighty.

Every one on board was strangely moved by this unwonted scene. Captain and crew looked on with amazement, deeply impressed. And as the five hundred prayed, the Holy Ghost descended like the morning dew upon their waiting hearts. None of those present will ever forget the scene, nor look back upon that pentecostal experience without gratitude. S. P. SPRENG.

C. E. Travelers Capture Some "Roughs."

As we were returning to our hotel from the Sunday evening meeting, ten roughs from the street joined in our convention song, "Sunshine." They could sing it, for everybody in town knew the song before the convention was over.

They marched with us to the hotel; we persuaded them to come in. We had a prayer-meeting, asked God to bless the strangers present, and show them the light: had a talk with them, and they got down on their knees and prayed with us—some in tears.

Some of them said, "It started out as a joke, but did not end up that way." Their hearts were touched and turned toward God. Some of us took them into our private rooms and held a short prayer-meeting with them. They asked to be prayed for, and when the meeting was over, shook hands

with each other and pledged themselves on their honor, God helping them, to lead better lives.—*W. G. Alexander.*

All Aboard for any C. E. Convention.

Some one has sent out this unique set of directions for reaching any Christian Endeavor convention. Our readers may follow the directions implicitly with great profit:

Take the train at Local Church. (No sleepers attached, dining-car in the rear, and smoker—lost.) Don't mistake it; it is a mail train.

Earnestness will be at the throttle. Prayer will feed the fires and Love will be in charge. Fare for one day, self-denial; round trip, entire consecration. All aboard!

What will you see? The scenery *en route* may be worthy of only passing notice, but, oh! the sight of consecrated youth is like the sight of a forest fire that sweeps all before it. Such singing you will seldom hear! Such fire on human lips you will seldom see. Think of it!—*Our Young Folks.*

Wear a Badge When You Travel.

A few weeks ago, when stopping at a hotel in an Ontario city, the clerk noticed the little C. E. badge which I always wear, and asked what it stood for. Thinking it would be a cause for ridicule, I was almost ashamed to tell the meaning, but on doing so

was surprised to find that he, too, was a Christian, and a delightful talk-fellow.

Fellow Endeavorers, show your colors by wearing that unassuming little badge. Don't advertise your religion, but let your light shine for a witness to those who are not Christ's, and an encouragement to your fellow believers. That trivial act of wearing a badge that proclaims you a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, may be the means of doing immense good—in opening the way for conversation on religious subjects, in showing the world that you are not ashamed to confess your Master, in introducing you to a Christian fellowship wherever you go, and reminding you continually of that solemn covenant into which you have entered with your Master.—*Commercial Traveler in Endeavor Herald.*

The Ride to the Convention.

Four merry girls had boarded the east-bound train, destined for the Christian Endeavor Convention. Before they left home, they had decided to make the most of their first experience at a convention. The preparations were all completed, and almost before they were aware of it, they were in the train and on the way to the great meeting.

But did they think outward preparation alone necessary? Ah, no! These sincere girls knew that to have a thing prove successful, God's blessing must attend it. And they remembered, too, the words of the Master, "Without me ye can do noth-

ing." And so, before starting, they had earnestly sought His help. And now, resting on His strong arm, they were anxiously watching for their first

OPPORTUNITY TO GLADDEN SOME HEART.

Would it come? Yes, most certainly. God gives every true child some work to do.

It was after several stations had already been passed, that a feeble old lady entered the car. She was looking for a vacant seat, when one of our Endeavorers quietly arose and offered hers. The old lady thanked her heartily, and as she sat down in the midst of those young ladies, the tired look seemed to vanish. They were soon so interested in one another that they seemed as old friends, and the time passed rapidly until she was to leave them. The girls then

GAVE HER SEVERAL TRACTS,

such as would help a dear old mother in Israel, and also keep that pleasant hour fresh in her memory. As she left the car they saw her slowly raise her feeble arm to wipe the falling tears

After she had disappeared in the crowd, the Endeavorers wondered if she had enjoyed the past hour as they had. It was certainly the first meeting of that enthusiastic convention for them. The dear old mother never knew what grand lessons she had taught these young souls in the Master's cause. But they prayed that she might know in heaven, if not on earth.

A PEEP INTO THEIR NOTE BOOKS.

This was the first meeting mentioned in their report books, and it was certainly one of the grandest. If we could glance into one of those note books, we should see this:

First C. E. Service—Held on Train No.—. Meeting consisted of four youthful Endeavorers and a dear leader just ready to step into the Glory-land, when Jesus says, "Come." If I may, I will give the leader's talk in her own language, for a change might spoil it:

"I am so glad, my dear girls, that you have invited me to your number, for I have none of my earthly friends with me. And now may I have a little friendly chat with you about our Master's work? I cannot talk as one that is educated; but if I may talk to you as I once did to my own darlings, when we were all at home, I shall be happy.

"First, my dear girls, be true Endeavorers. Let your life show your badge, even if you don't always wear these outward ones. Don't let self rule you, but rather be led by Jesus. Let His will overshadow yours. 'Let your light shine' every day, and don't be discouraged if others don't recognize your good motives and intentions. Jesus sees all. Do your best and leave the rest with Him. Your dim light will grow brighter by and by.

"And now, before I go, let me ask you to remember one thing. It is this: Carry everything to God in prayer. I thank you all for being so kind to me. My dear boy will be so glad when I tell him. God bless you." NORA YOUTZ.

Florida Christian Endeavorers.

PRAYERS ON THE TRAIN.

The Florida delegation to the International Convention at Cleveland chartered a Pullman sleeper, which carried them through to Cincinnati. They were a lively party, and enjoyed every mile of the journey; yet, like true Endeavorers, as they were, the spirit of the golden rule pervaded each word and action. Prayers were held every morning and evening, and this was a great surprise to the porters and trainmen.

A PORTER'S HIGH COMPLIMENT.

The night before reaching Cincinnati, one of the porters, engaged in making the last berth, remarked to one of the party:

"This is the strangest crowd that I ever saw."

"How is that?" asked the Endeavorer.

"Why, sir, I have been a Pullman porter for over ten years, and have traveled over all the big railroad lines in this country, and this is the first time in my experience that every one in the car retired perfectly sober. Why, there isn't a drinker, or a 'kicker' in this crowd, and I was never with a party that had a better time, either. It is something new to me."

HOLD PRAYER-MEETINGS—A "DRUMMER" DEEPLY TOUCHED.

This same car was attached, after leaving Cincinnati, to a long train of twelve cars. Our Endeavorers divided themselves into parties, and each

party went through a car and held a short prayer-meeting, singing some of our rousing Endeavor hymns. In one of those cars sat a "drummer," who laid down his paper and listened intently to the services and the singing. After the party had gone out, he left the car and followed them to another. One of the young men spoke to him, and answered his questions, telling of the convention, the Endeavor movement, etc., and he said:

"That is the first time that I had heard a prayer since I heard my mother pray, and that, with your singing, has touched me more than I can tell you."

After a long, earnest talk with him, the Endeavorer obtained a promise from him to lead a better life, and to write him occasional letters telling of his progress. MATTIE E. RACE.

Traveled So Far, and Missed Nearly All.

The only delegate from Idaho, to the Christian Endeavor Convention held in Cleveland, Ohio, was a lady who arrived in time simply for the last session. Said she:

"It is too bad that I came all the way from Idaho, and have lost nearly all these good things, and couldn't get a seat, either."

How many travel all through the journey of life, and expect a seat in heaven, but will meet with a far greater disappointment than did that lady! Dear reader, see to it that you will not be of that unhappy number. S. P. SMITH.

What One Sentence Did at a Young People's Christian Union Convention.

I was on the program of the first Conference Convention of the Young People of the United Brethren Church (Sandusky Conference.) At this convention a Catholic girl (who was a member of one of the local societies of our church) presented a paper in which she expressed the thought that "God cannot use a half-hearted service."

This sentence struck to the heart of a delegate from my church. After going home she expressed her determination, in a public meeting, to henceforth give God her whole service without reservation. This led to her husband's entering the ministry, and both taking a theological course at Dayton, Ohio, and are now being used in the Master's work. S. S. HOUGH.

A Soul Won by a Song Service.

A carload of young people were *en route* to a Christian Endeavor Convention. The possible monotony of a six hours' ride was broken when soon after starting some one began singing, "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed?" etc.

It was but a moment before the car walls resounded with the sweet strains of the melodious hymn, nearly every occupant joining. Then "Blessed Assurance," "Wonderful Words of Life," "I'm the Child of a King," and many other soul-stirring hymns were wafted out through the open windows

and carried on the autumn breeze, as the train sped along.

Perhaps none of the earnest young Christians on that train knew that in the car with them was one with whom the Spirit was wrestling; but when a certain young man returned home and approached the pastor of one of the churches, and told him that

HE HAD ACCEPTED JESUS,

and was ready to identify himself with the people of God, and that his stony heart had been melted by the Gospel in song during that six hours' journey, it brought many to realize more than ever before the power of Gospel hymns.

What a sermon on the converting power of sacred song! Would that it might teach us to sing the sacred words as though they were prayers, to sing them with the whole heart!—*Golden Rule.*

Singing as They Go.

The power of Christian song was forcibly illustrated while going to and from the sessions of the Cleveland Christian Endeavor Convention on the street car; and as the happy, enthusiastic delegates would sing song after song, it was noticeable in the subdued tone and manner even of the conductor and motorman.

As travelers through this world, let us try to make many hearts happy by singing songs saturated with the glad message of the Gospel. S. P. SMITH.

Our Junior League Ride, and What Came of It.

One of the oldest gentlemen in our church had been visiting our Junior League meetings for several Sundays. The third Sunday in December he asked permission to say a word at the close of the service. We had grown to love the old gentleman whose kindly face and encouraging words had cheered us in our work, so each one listened attentively to his words of praise.

Imagine our surprise when he closed by saying that, as a reward for our good work,

HE WOULD GIVE US A SLEIGH-RIDE

the following Wednesday if we would all meet at the church at two o'clock.

Wednesday at the appointed hour about thirty eager, little leaguers in warm cloaks, caps and mittens, gathered about the old gentleman to be lifted into the large sleigh.

At last each one was tucked snugly in among the warm robes, and the strong horses bore them swiftly over the white snow, amid jingling bells and merry laughter.

We had gone about five miles out in the country when

WE OVERTOOK A LITTLE GIRL

drawing a sled with a few sticks of wood. Her dress was old and torn, her feet almost shoeless, and her little hands bare.

One sweet little girl who sat next to Mr. Brown asked him to take the poor girl in. The kind old

gentleman stopped and lifted her gently into the sleigh. We were only too glad to wrap her up with shawls that we had with us. When she was made comfortable and assured that we would carry her home,

SHE TOLD US HER SAD STORY.

She was but twelve years old and lived with her sick mother and three-year old brother. They were cold at home, and she had been to the neighbors to borrow some wood, to be repaid when her mother was well enough to work again.

Three of our party went into the house with her and found the sick mother on a clean but uncomfortable bed, trying to quiet her little boy who was crying with hunger and cold. They found out what was needed, and joined the load with resolves to relieve these sufferers.

Mr. Brown gave us our choice between a longer ride or returning home in time to send them some food that night. No one cared to go farther, so we returned very sad, but with

A NOBLE PURPOSE IN EACH HEART.

Food and wood were sent them from our homes of plenty, and each boy and girl was busy for the following four days collecting clothing, bedding, wood, flour, and all kinds of provisions and some luxuries for the sick woman. Our mothers and fathers helped us, and when Christmas eve came we had a large load on its way to Mary's house. Mr. Brown carried us behind the load in his large sleigh as he

had done before. We took a small sum from the treasury to pay a strong girl to care for the family until the mother should recover. She was with us and helped us unpack the provisions and set the house in good order.

I cannot describe to you the happiness of those children or the look of gratitude on that mother's face as we left them warm and comfortable that evening. I can only say

WE WERE FULLY REPAID

for our labor, and each had that peace and satisfaction which comes from the knowedge of duty done.

Our faces shone with love as we bade Mr. Brown good night and heard him say: "May God bless you all, and help you ever to be the *true missionaries* that you have been to-night."

DENA EMMONS.

Two Junior Endeavorers Who Took a Journey.

Roy and Rodney were going away together for a summer vacation.

"Why, you've got on your badge," said Rodney, as they found themselves started on the short railway journey.

"Of course. Where's yours? We are Junior Endeavorers just the same, if we are going into the country."

"Y-e-s, in a way, but we can't do just the same as if we were at home. What's the use of a badge, if there's no Society where you are?

"Well," said Roy, thinking hard, "it shows *what* you are, anyhow. I am an Endeavorer, and I'd as soon as not show it right out."

Now the difference between these two was not that one wore a badge and the other did not, but that one wanted to wear it, and the other did not care. The difference was in feeling.

Roy remembered his pledge and tried to keep it, although it was not always easy. Rodney considered that the change in circumstances excused him from doing the duties that he would have done at home.

This made everything harder for Roy, for it is no small thing for a fourteen-year-old boy to do right when his mate refuses to help him.

It was hard to keep up the attendance at the distant Sabbath-school and to read the daily Bible verse, but oh, how well worth while it was!

It is easy to tell who had the happier summer.

What is religion worth that will not bear a journey? Some one says: "It is a poor faith that will not travel."

A Late Comer at a C. E. Convention.

This little incident happened at a State Christian Endeavor Convention:

A stranger came late. At the door he asked an usher, "What does Y. P. S. C. E. mean anyhow?" and received for reply, "It means, 'You poor sinner come early if you want a seat in this hall.'"

He stood.

Baptist Young People's Convention.

As a delegate of the Baptist Young People's Union of America to the Convention at Toronto, in 1894, I shall never forget two events which occurred while on the way. The first was

A MIDNIGHT PRAYER-MEETING

on the deck of our steamer, as she glided majestically over the bosom of old Lake Erie. The occasion was indeed a very impressive one. The silvery queen of night, full-orbed, shone beautifully upon the scene, reminding us the more deeply of Him whom we endeavored devoutly to worship.

So also did the vast and seemingly boundless expanse of water help to impress us with the greatness —aye, of the goodness of our heavenly Father. And how our songs of praise rent the night air, rising above the music of the waves beneath us!

Oh, that was indeed a hallowed hour! The memory of it will be cherished as among the sweetest of life. May its influence upon that noble band of young people be abiding!

On our return trip, also while on the boat, there were

TWO VASTLY DIFFERENT SCENES.

At one end of the deck were a number of persons engaged in card playing and some in dancing. This our delegates, at the other end of the deck, witnessed with painful regret.

Here was an opportunity afforded to bring to bear upon them the power of Christian song and

other sacred service. A consecration meeting was held. The sweet tones of the piano, mingled with beautiful Gospel songs, at once arrested the attention of the gay company. Soon the cards were dropped and the giddy whirl ceased. Many of the party came over to us; and as they listened to the touching testimonies for Jesus and the affecting petitions of that happy band, some were deeply moved, as the anxious countenance and the falling tear gave evidence.

Oh, it is to be fondly hoped that precious souls were won for the Divine Master on that occasion, and that all our own dear young people will feel, more than ever, that "'tis sweet to work for Jesus." And may we all receive a fuller spiritual equipment for that work! MARY E. LYON.

Two Christian Endeavor Young Ladies on a Train.

"How did you like Miss W—'s talk in the Young People's meeting on Sunday evening?"

"Do you mean what she said about young people trying to do missionary work while traveling?"

"Yes, that in particular, for she put special stress upon it."

"Well, the sentiments were good enough—indeed they were noble—but I fear *I* haven't the courage to put them into practice."

"Nor have I," was the response, "for I never did anything of the kind."

"But, Josephine, do you think that is a really

good reason why any one should not do as she suggested?"

"Perhaps not, Mary, but you know it takes considerable boldness to go to people on a train and talk religion to them. And, besides, it would be making one's self conspicuous."

"Oh, well, there's a way to do such things, just as Miss W— said. You remember how she explained that it can often be done quietly and unnoticed, and that that is generally the more effectual way."

"Yes, I recall it; and remember, too, that she made the exception of a public religious service on a train, as is sometimes held by evangelists and preachers, and occasionally even by lay-members."

"With all that, I suppose there's much in the natural courage or boldness of a person."

"That may be true, but do you not remember what Miss W— said about our

BEING WILLING TO DO IT?

Besides, she didn't mean on a train only, but anywhere while traveling—at a hotel, a Summer resort, or among those whom you visit away from home."

"I've a notion to try to act on her suggestion after we get through with our journey."

At this there was a few minutes' pause in the conversation, and the last speaker handed a religious paper to a sad-looking young woman sitting close by.

This friendly recognition was appreciated, as be-

tokened by a change in her countenance. After perusing the paper a short time, she turned to the young lady, a tear glistening in her eye, and said:

"MY HISTORY IS A SAD ONE,

but I must not *tell* you about it. You don't know how lonesome and discouraged I felt till you showed me a little kindness in handing me that good paper. I've just been reading something that very deeply touched me; for it reminded me of my dear departed mother and her many prayers for me. And it also brought to my mind my solemn promise to meet her in heaven."

With this the tears came profusely to her eyes, and in broken accents she said:

"God helping me, I shall keep that promise, and do now return to Him from whom I have so far strayed away."

The two young ladies mingled their tears with hers, and some further conversation followed between the three, by way of helping that precious soul into the kingdom of grace.

Not long afterward she left the train, with the promise to write to her newly-found friends.

The instant she was gone, one of the young ladies said to the other:

"HOW WONDERFULLY GOD OPENED THE WAY

for us to do some missionary work *before* getting through with our journey."

"Oh, it's a genuine luxury," said the other; "and

now I appreciate the force of Miss W—'s words better than ever, and mean to watch for opportunities to do good as I have never done before."

"And so will I. It does not seem near as difficult to carry out her suggestions as I had thought, especially if one is on the lookout a little."

"And particularly if on the 'Lookout *Committee*,'" smilingly responded the other."

"But, best of all," was answered, "if filled with the Spirit and a real love for souls."

And together the two young Endeavorers bowed their heads on the back of the car-seat and prayed for a greater measure of this greatest of all qualifications for winning souls to Jesus.

A. W. ORWIG

Work for Christ on Board a Steamer.

On an excursion boat which took out a large crowd of the delegates to the Cleveland Christian Endeavor Convention, on the lake, Saturday afternoon, two young men sat near together on the upper deck. One turning to the other said:

"I notice that you do not wear a badge, like the rest of us. Are you not an Endeavorer?

"No," said the other, "I simply came to enjoy the excursion."

The first speaker exclaimed, "Oh, friend, are you satisfied? Let me tell you how different it is to be a Christian."

Then followed a conversation which proved the

turning point in that young man's life. The boat moved on, turned and retraced her way to the city; the crowd about them laughed and chatted, and still these young men talked together—in earnest pleading on one side, and serious, interested replies on the other.

The steamer landed, the gay party separated, and those young men parted, forever, probably, but

ONE MORE SOUL HAD BEEN SAVED

for the Master that day, and our earnest Endeavorer will find an added star in his crown when he reaches the Pearly City. MATTIE E. RACE.

Christian Endeavor Travelers Who Neglected the Bible.

Miss Caroline M. Harris, who conducts the Christian Endeavor department in the *St. Louis Observer*, published an excellent article from a friend, of which the following are extracts:

During one Summer it was my privilege to be with a party of bright, happy girls, at a little country resort among the hills. Most of them were Christians, not only in name, but in reality, desiring to witness for their Saviour in their daily lives.

But one thing grieved me and made me fear that their young lives would not become fruitful nor their characters grow and strengthen from year to year.

One thing—and that a most important one—they lacked. The regular, systematic, prayerful reading

and study of the Bible. They would begin their days without looking into the Guide-book for something helpful to live by; and at night would lie down to rest without opening God's Word.

On Sundays we gathered in an old school-house, and together we studied the Bible. Taking some practical subject, and tried to find what God told us concerning it. With eager and earnest faces the girls would drink in the truth, and speak of "how far short" we all come of living up to the Word. Always ready to listen to the Word of God, anxious to know what God would have them do, yet

NEGLECTING THE CHIEF MEANS

of true Christian growth—the private study of the Bible.

Let me tell you from sad experience that the day will come when you would give all you have if you had only improved every day of your life by some Bible study and meditation.

For years after becoming a Christian I was careless in this respect, and can truthfully say, I never came to love the Bible until I began to study it for my own needs, and realized how perfectly, how fully it could answer every need, great or small.

There is no time for Bible study like the early morning. God's Word should have our freshest, highest thoughts. The more you read the Bible, the more you will want to read it. It is an appetite which grows as it is fed, and you will be well repaid.

The Bible seldom speaks—certainly never its deepest, sweetest words—to those who always read it in a hurry. Above all, pray over your Bible reading and study. Pray with the Psalmist, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law," and soon you will be able to say with the Psalmist, "Oh, how love I thy law; it is my meditation all the day."

Dr. Clark's Wagon Trip in Asia Minor.

Writing to *The Golden Rule* in 1893, the Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, says:

"In every sense of the word, we are off the 'beaten tracks of travel,'—except the tracks beaten by camels and donkeys. . . . Such roads as we have passed over! ! ! A whole font of exclamation points could not convey an adequate idea of them. Much of the way there is absolutely no road at all. It does not run up a tree, simply because there is no tree in that part of the country to run up. . . . We have forded at least one hundred bridgeless streams, I suppose, within four days."

Of a five-mile ride over a mountain, Dr. Clark says: "Going down, all the masculine hands were required to hold on to the tail-board of the wagon, and thus to aid the sure-footed horses in their struggle to hold back the wagon from pitching headlong down the slope. Thus it swayed and banged and bumped from rock to rock, and hung over the prec-

ipice, and righted itself like a ship in a gale, and at last reached the bottom of the mountain, *mirabile dictu*, with whole springs and sound axle. I should like to give the maker of that missionary wagon an unsolicited testimonial."

In another letter the Doctor says: "We have shaken the Sultan's dust off of our feet; we can breathe freely once more, and speak our own minds in public and in private without fear of getting our friends and ourselves into trouble by remarking that there is such a thing as a Society of Christian Endeavor, and that in some lands young people do unite for Christian service without danger of finding themselves lodged in jail in consequence."

Mrs. Dr. Clark on "Bouncing Across Turkey."

"I have tried to find a more elegant title for this 'tale of a traveler;' but there seems to be no other word that will describe our experience as we bounce and jolt and rattle along over these rough roads and uneven pavements, up hill and down dale, thumping over these rude attempts at bridges, or fording the streams, making our way through such muddy Sloughs of Despond as even Bunyan never dreamed of, and driving over such steep, dangerous mountain roads as only a missionary in the interior of Turkey would dare attempt." . . . .

Arriving at a little village, and speaking of the khan (building) where the party are to stop for the night, Mrs. C. says: "Imagine a little low, stone

building, partly under ground. Imagine a little dark room inside of that low building, plastered with mud and frescoed with smoke, with two tiny windows, each about eight inches square. Imagine that room already occupied by about forty-five thousand flees, to make a low estimate, and you will have some idea of its attractions.

"We march boldly in, cook our supper and eat it, make our beds and try to sleep in them; but we are ready and willing to get up before daylight in the morning, and cook our breakfast and eat it, and start off again.

"This is one day's journey; but it is a pretty fair sample of the other eleven. . . . The missionary tells us this is what they call 'gilt-edge travel'; for do we not carry our own beds and our own food? and are we not armed with flea-powder? and do we not ride in a *spring* wagon? . . . .

"Well, I have told you this story not to complain of the hardships, but to give you a little sample of some of the small discomforts that our missionaries endure, and endure cheerfully."—*Golden Rule.*

Floating Christian Endeavorers.

A Japanese lady, writing to some one in the United States, speaks of "the brave band of 'Floating Christian Endeavorers' on board our man-of-war *Charleston.* It may be you would be pleased to learn that out here, so many thousand miles from home, these consecrated young men are working

just as earnestly for the Master as those in the United States."

Speaking of a religious service on the vessel, the lady says: "There were over fifty young men connected with the ship at the meeting, which was of the most impressive character. At the close of the meeting seven of the young men expressed a desire to unite with their comrades in Christian Endeavor work, making over thirty who are now active Christian workers on this magnificent ship."

An Incident While on the Way to a Young People's Alliance Convention.

A friend of mine, also on his way to the convention, having changed cars at L—, now became my traveling companion. And a very congenial one he was; for he at once began to talk about our Alliance work in general. Soon, however, he spoke of our own Conference Branch Alliance work, just the thing I myself wanted most to talk about. It wasn't long until we were both enthused with the subject.

Among other things, we both had expressed our belief that one way in which our young people might be useful would be in tract distribution, not only among our own community, but while traveling.

Soon we came to a station where time was given for passengers to get their dinner. My friend also got up to go out. I said to him:

"Are you going out to lunch?"

"No," he replied, "I am going out to give lunch to others."

"Give lunch to others! what do you mean?"

"Oh, I'm only going to practice the precept which we both endorsed a few minutes ago," and with this he drew from his coat pocket a package of tracts, and began to distribute them to people about the station, and to those who came back from the dining hall to the train.

Before he did so, however, he leaned against the car a moment or two, with his hand over his eyes, and, as I supposed, asked God to bless the tracts to the good of those who received them.

"What's this?" asked a man to whom a tract had been given. "Ah, I see," he said, "something about the bread of heaven."

"Yes, sir; and have you ever partaken of it?"

"I fear not."

"Do you not think it as necessary as the food you just took in the hall?"

"Oh, I haven't any doubt about it; but you know how careless people often are about such things. I confess, I have been thinking somewhat seriously concerning these matters of late; and perhaps I needed just this kindly reminder to help me to do my duty."

Encouraged by even this one person giving evidence of being influenced for good, even before reading the tract, my friend made a strong plea at the Alliance meeting (of the Evangelical Association) in favor of tract work while traveling. L. O.

A Keystone Leaguer and the Infidel on a Train.

Going to a Keystone League Convention, of the United Evangelical Church, I met a man who took pains to let his fellow-passengers know that he professed to be an infidel.

After a little spell I asked him if he had any children. "Oh, yes, a very promising son and daughter, just blooming into manhood and womanhood."

"Do they believe as you profess to believe?"

"Well, not exactly."

"Have you ever urged them to accept your principles?"

"I can't say that I have."

"Does your wife hold the same sentiments that you hold?"

"I can't say that she does?"

"Are your family Christians?"

"They profess to be; and I suppose they are, from the standpoint of the book you call the Bible and the creeds of the churches?"

"And you have confidence in their religion?"

"My wife is a very exemplary woman, sir, and my children are devoted members of the church?"

"And would you have them exchange their principles for yours, and would you prefer your belief to their's in a dying hour?"

"You are getting things down to a fine point, my friend. I'm willing to drop the subject, especially since my admission about my family."

Not wishing to push matters to a point beyond prudence, especially on the line of such direct ques-

tions, and believing that his "infidelity," after all, was not of the kind that repudiated true religion, I dropped the subject. But having with me some tracts adapted to his case, I handed him one, and we talked a little on matters in general. Presently he asked:

"Where are you bound for?"

"To a Young People's Convention."

"What's the particular name?"

"Keystone League of Christian Endeavor."

"Something like the regular Christian Endeavor Society, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, and doing about the same kind of work."

"By the way," he said somewhat seriously, "my son and daughter belong to the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, and they seem greatly interested in it."

"I'm glad to hear that, my friend."

"In my heart I admire the church and the institutions of Christianity, and despise the teachings of Robert Ingersoll. I confess to having been a trifle tainted by his principles, but it's only when I've been drinking that I talk as I did a little while ago."

"Hadn't you better, then, throw Ingersoll and strong drink completely overboard?"

"It's just what I've been thinking about doing."

"God help you to do it."

"I know it's what my family daily pray for."

"May their prayer be speedily answered. Mine shall be added. Pray for yourself." E. C. L. K.

An Epworth League Sword Drill.

Rev. Joseph F. Berry, after taking a trip to Michigan to attend an Epworth State Convention, writes to the *Epworth Herald* about it. Among other things he speaks of a company of Epworth Guards, and says:

"Under his left arm each soldier carried—what do you suppose? A sword! Not the kind of sword you are thinking of, but a real sword, for all that. It was a Bible, which you know is often called 'the sword of the Spirit.' Under the direction of the leader these Epworth Guards gave us a short 'sword drill,' with which every one was much pleased."

It would be well to have that kind of "sword drills" everywhere.

Methodist Protestant Christian Endeavor Union.

WORK WHILE TRAVELING.

Christian Endeavor people should be ready for any kind of good work, and at all times--at home or abroad.

On a certain occasion, while traveling to a Conference C. E. Union, I came in contact with a man who wore a very sad countenance. I said to him:

"You seem to be in trouble about something"

"Yes, sir, I have had great trouble both in my home and business relations."

I then asked him: "Have you ever sought the consolations of the Christian religion in your trials?"

"No, I have not," was the reply.

I learned that he was going to the same town where I intended to stop. By kindly words and sympathy I had gained his confidence, and therefore felt I ought to go a step further and invite him to our convention. At first he hesitated, but finally consented.

He attended two or three sessions of the meeting, and seemed to be deeply impressed. He then told me that his troubles had been so great that he had contemplated suicide. But hearing what he did at our convention, he was seeking relief from a divine source.

With so great a change in his feelings, how glad I was that I had spoken to him on the cars when I saw that something was deeply preying upon his mind. At first I was tempted to say nothing, the thought coming to me, "It is none of your affairs, and he is a perfect stranger."

But remembering how my Saviour, while on his travels from place to place, made use of every opportunity to do good, I said to myself, "This man is my 'neighbor,' and I will not 'pass by on the other side.'" But I went to him, and the Lord enabled me to pour the oil of consolation into his soul. It does seem that that little act was the means, under God, of the man's not taking his own life, and of leading him to Jesus.

O ye Christian Endeavorers of my own church, and of all the churches, let us remember that our greatest work is to save souls. Let us "be instant in season, out of season" in God's work. M. P.

Notes of Travel by a Keystone League Christian Endeavorer.

HOW MY BADGE HELPED ME.

The K. L. C. E. is only a member of the great Christian Endeavor body, which is a grand brotherhood and sisterhood.

In the Spring of 1894, while traveling, I missed a train and was thus stranded a stranger in a strange city, only knowing by name a brother minister of our United Evangelical Church, but nothing of his whereabouts. But looking to God for guidance, I soon met a man who, seeing my badge, grasped my hand, saying, "We are brothers," first pointing to his C. E. badge and then to the one on my coat. He then enabled me to find the home of the brother where I desired to stop.

A SALOON KEEPER WON BY A BUGGY RIDE.

As a circuit preacher I travel much per buggy, and when alone often offer a vacant seat to the journeying pedestrian. This favor is always highly appreciated and gives the worker for Christ opportunities he would never have otherwise.

One such pedestrian was a saloon keeper. I did not denounce him, but carefully and kindly led him to confess that his business was wrong. The words stuck, and he promised to quit the iniquitous business, and thus again make happy his noble wife. The promise he soon after fulfilled and is now farming. Influences are at work which will no doubt lead to his conversion.

A BRAKEMAN CONVERTED.

Once while traveling over a certain railroad, and engaging in conversation with a brakeman, he asked me to purchase a raffle ticket. Telling him I was not accustomed to make such investments, he apologized. I then pointed out to him the necessity of leading a Christian life. After a run of about ten or twelve miles we separated, and did not meet for nearly two years.

Riding on the same train, not long since, this same man came to me and reminded me of the talk we had had, and told me he was now a Christian. Of course I rejoiced with him, and have determined never to lose an opportunity, anywhere, not even while traveling, to speak a word for my Master.

Often we may not see the fruit of our labors, but if only one precious soul, here and there, is brought to Christ, it is more than worth all the efforts made.

My fellow workers for Jesus—my dear Christian Endeavorers, let us follow in the footsteps of Him who *went about doing good.* L. O. WIEST.

The Cleveland Christian Endeavor Convention.

Truly these are enthusiastic, earnest people. They do not put on religion as a coat to wear to church, but their hearts are aglow with the love of God, their minds are quickened by innate resolve, and their lives are consecrated to the advancement of His cause and the extension of His kingdom.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

CHAPTER TEN.

MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

More Such Travelers Needed.

A coachman, pointing to one of his horses, said to a traveler, "That horse, sir, knows when I *swear* at him."

"Yes," replied the traveler, "and so does *your Creator*."

The Traveler and the Little Girl.

A way-worn traveler, so weary that his whole aspect was that of discouragement, rang at the door bell one day, at a minister's house. His bright little daughter answered the call, to whom the man said:

"Is your father in?"

The little girl, looking at him from head to foot, said: "No, papa's not in, but if you're a poor sinner and want to be prayed for, my mamma can do that just as well as a minister."

Traveling to "Liverpool or Hell."

As a vessel was about to sail from a certain port, the officers made a farewell supper. As the canvas was being spread to the breeze, the captain arose, and, passing the brandy around, called on the company to drink to the following utterance: "Now,

boys, in twenty days, Liverpool or hell." They sailed on and on over the Atlantic for nineteen days. On the twentieth day they struck a rock and the vessel filled, and on that twentieth day they were *—not in Liverpool!*

The Perils of Traveling.

The perils of the traveler were illustrated by the conductor on the Mount Washington railroad, some years ago, as the following will show:

When on the steepest place of that steepest rail-track in all the earth, a man was frightened and said to the conductor:

"Suppose the locomotive should give out, where would we go to?"

"Ah," said the conductor, there is a brake at the front end of the car."

"But," said the traveler, "suppose that should give out, where would we go to?"

Said the conductor: "There is another brake on the cars."

"But," said the affrighted passenger, "suppose that also should give way, where then would we go to?"

And the conductor replied significantly, "*That depends upon how you have lived!*"

"And they took their journey out of the wilderness of Sin."—(Num. 33: 12). Kind reader, have *you* done the same?

A Chapel Car Echo.

I had been speaking on chapel car work in a Boston prayer-meeting. At the close of the service a brother related the following incident:

Last winter I was traveling with a gentleman who was an invalid. We had gone through the South, but the sick one only grew more feeble as the days passed.

We then traveled on to the delightful winter climate of Southern California. As our train tarried to take water from the tank at one of the small towns on the Southern Pacific road, we looked out of the sleeper window; very few houses were in sight, but we noticed a large number of teams tied a short distance from the track. We heard strains of a familiar church hymn, but we could see no meeting-house.

Our train soon pulled up to the little depot from the water tank. The music became more distant; the sick man listened; tears came into his eyes as there came to his ears, wafted on the wings of song:

"Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall:
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all."

"Oh," said the sick man, that

SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC FROM HEAVEN."

Our train moved slowly by the station, and there we saw on the side-track a beautiful chapel car, and on its side we read "Emanuel." It spoke so cheer-

ingly of God's presence. The chapel car was crowded with those who were singing and hearing the Gospel of his dear Son. How those strains of music impressed the travelers on our train!

We thanked God for the excellent chapel car work of the American Baptist Publication Society, which carries the Gospel, meeting-house, pews, organ, singing-books, choir, preacher and all to the hundreds of new western and southern towns to plant the seed of God's kingdom before the devil establishes his places. [Let others go and do likewise. It is greatly needed.—*A. W. O.*]

Early the next morning, on the sleeping-car, the sick man passed away to "join the everlasting song, and crown Him Lord of all."—"*Uncle Boston*," *in The Baptist Union.*

The Lost Traveler.

It is related of a lost traveler that when he was near the point of perishing on the desert sands, he cast his eyes down and discovered a small bag. Hoping to find water or dates, he quickly alighted from his camel, and eagerly seizing the bag tore it open.

"God pity me!" he exclaimed, "*it is only pearls.*"

There is something which the soul needs with which pearls may not be compared. Dear reader, have you found "the Pearl of great price"? (See Matth. 13: 45–46.

Good Company While Traveling.

One evening, a lady of New York, while on her way home at a late hour, without an escort, was approached by a lewd fellow. As the boat on which they rode neared its landing, he asked:

"Are you alone?"

"No, sir," was the reply, and, without further interruption, when the boat touched, she jumped off.

"I thought you said you were not alone," said the fellow, stepping to her side again.

"I am not," replied the lady.

"Why, I don't see any one; who is with you?"

"God Almighty and the angels, sir; I am never alone."

This arrow pierced the villain's heart, and, with these parting words, "You keep too good company for me, madam," he shot out of sight, leaving the heroic lady to enjoy her good company.

"I Am So Glad the Lamp is Lighted."

The Rev. J. C. Hornberger, editor of the English Sunday School Literature of the Evangelical Association, writes the following for "All Aboard":

AN INCIDENT ON A RAILWAY TRAIN.

I remember reading in an old magazine of a little boy and his mother who were riding in a railroad train on a bright October morning.

The little fellow was very happy, as from the car window he gazed upon the variety of interesting

objects. Suddenly his attention was arrested by the faint light of the lamp burning near the ceiling of the car, and he exclaimed:

"O mamma, see the lamp burning in the day time, when the sun shines so brightly! They must have forgotten to put it out."

In a short time the train plunged into a dismal, dark tunnel. The frightened little boy clung to his mother and whispered, "O mamma, I am so glad the lamp is lighted."

All of us are on a journey. We are traveling from a transient to an immortal sphere. Time is the train that is bearing us along with swiftest speed. At the close of the journey a dark valley will confront each one of us. 'Tis "the valley of the shadow of death." All must enter. But ah, it is only dark and gloomy to the eye of sense. To the vision of faith all is brightness.

The lamp in the car was made ready before the train got to the dark tunnel. So we need a soul-preparation before reaching the valley of death. Dear reader, have *you* this preparation?

When a train unloads its passengers at a great railway station there always can be seen the eager faces of those who are there to welcome their friends. One cannot help thinking, as he sees the joyous look of recognition, of those watching and waiting at the heavenly gates as the travelers from this world reach their journey's end.

Traveler, Drink From This Flask.

"Here have we no continuing city."

"If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears."

Travelers to the unseen world, remember that the dust of this world's pilgrimage must all be washed off outside heaven's gate.

The Traveler's Psalm—the 121st—how beautiful! Never take a journey without reading it. It is very comforting. And with it read the 91st Psalm.

The whole world are travelers, yet the routes which men take are reducible to two—"to heaven or hell we daily bend our course."

It is one thing to start on a journey, and another thing to keep on until you reach the end. Getting to heaven means more than merely starting for it.

Reader, there are two roads which lead to the other world—the one leads to eternal death, and the other to eternal life. In which one of these roads are you traveling?

A dying stage-driver on the western plain was seen moving his foot. When asked what he wanted he replied: "I am going down grade and can't get my foot on the brake."

We may be deceived in regard to the way we are traveling. Some flatter themselves that they are traveling on the King's highway, when in reality they are on the broad road that leads to destruction.

A Journey to Three Mountains Daily.

Make a journey every day to three mountains—(1) To Mount Sinai, to see your sins; (2) To Mount Calvary, to behold the Lamb of God; (3) To Mount Zion, to view the heavenly Jerusalem.—*Marsh.*

A Traveling Atheist Taken Down a Peg or Two.

An atheist passing up one of our western lakes, after having satirized and declaimed against the Christian religion and to the annoyance of passengers, at length turned to an old gentleman and said:

"Well, old gentleman, I am a free-thinker; what is your notion about religion?"

"Why, sir, I have always been taught to believe in the truth of the Christian religion, and have never once had a doubt of the existence of a supreme and intelligent cause. But, in turn, let me ask you a question, 'Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?'"

"Certainly not; I have none."

"Do you deny the existence of a God?"

"Most certainly I do."

"Then, sir, I have heard of you before."

"Heard of me before?"

"Yes, sir, I have read about you."

"Read about me? I was not aware that I was published. Pray where?"

"In the Psalms of David, sir, where it reads, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'"

Kindly Services While Traveling.

How often there are opportunities for doing good while traveling, both to the bodies and souls of our fellow travelers. The Rev. Dr. M. R. Drury, one of the editors of *The Religious Telescope*, while traveling West a few years ago, writes to that paper:

. . . . . "Presently a little girl comes along and I ask her to take a seat with me. She readily consented to do so. As it was already dark and she looked to be very tired, I asked her to lie down in my arms and sleep, to which she at once assented. There she lay as sweetly, and with seemingly as much confidence as ever my own children had done. Soon my little charge was sound asleep. I held her till I had nearly reached my destination, while a tired mother, with an afflicted child, took a little needed rest. The kindly 'Thank you' I received when I released my care amply repaid me for the little service I had rendered.

"Thus was I reminded again that the door of opportunity for doing good is wide open whenever there is a heart to help, by even rendering some slight service to one of the Lord's little ones."

"Does This Railroad Lead to Heaven?"

On page 89 will be found a most touching article under the above title. Since inserting it I have learned that the author was the deceased Rev. T. D. Adams, of the United Brethren Church, who wrote it as related to him by Rev. J. M. Dosh, of the same

church. The last named brother was a witness to the circumstances related, and to him the happy conductor wrote a letter as

A SEQUEL TO THE STORY.

He speaks of the little girl as being the means of his salvation, and adds: "I had purposed adopting her in the place of my little daughter who is now in heaven. With this intention I took her to C—; and on my return trip I took her back to S—, where she left the cars. . . . I made inquiry for the child at S—, and learned that in three days after her return she died suddenly, without any apparent disease, and her happy soul had gone to dwell with her ma, my little girl, and the angels in heaven.

"I was sorry to hear of her death, but my sorrow is turned to joy when I think my angel daughter received intelligence from earth concerning her pa, and that he is on the heavenly railway. Oh, sir, I seem to see her near the Redeemer. I think I hear her sing, 'I'm safe at home, and pa and ma are coming;' and I find myself sending back the reply, 'Yes, my darling, we are coming, and will soon be there.'"

The Traveler and the Frightened Bird.

From an article in *The Watchword*, organ of the Y. P. C. U. of the U. B. Church, and edited by the Rev. H. F. Shupe, I make the following extracts:

"Once while we waited in the great, dingy depot at Columbus, Ohio, a frightened bird darting through

the air dashed against the glass of the ticket window. It fell panting on the hard floor, and remained there in its bewilderment, not knowing which way to fly. A friendly hand was extended to pick it up, but it darted away, again to beat against a window pane, and fell down exhausted. . . . . At length seeing the light, it flew to its freedom and happiness.

"Is not this a picture of what is sometimes presented by the lost youth fleeing to God? While seeking to satisfy his true nature, he dashes up against one and another kind of pursuit or pleasure, only to fall down exhausted. The friendly hand of good counsel and Christian effort is reached out; but he refuses it. . . . .

"How pitiable the youth who refuses the proffered help, when he needs only to flee to the light and be happy and free!"

Gladstone and Sunday Travel.

Some one, writing of Mr. Gladstone's Sunday habits, says: "He never travels on Sunday, and it is well known that when the Queen invites him to Windsor Castle on Sunday for one night, he makes arrangements to stay in Windsor the Saturday night to avoid Sunday traveling."

A Chinese man in an interior village traveled 250 miles on foot, carrying a leaf from the New Testament, to find a missionary who could explain it to him.

Are You Traveling Toward the Heavenly Land?

"A land the Lord thy God careth for."

"Get thee into a land I will show thee."

"A land where thou shalt not lack anything."

The Safe Channel in Traveling.

A pilot was once asked if he knew all the rocks along the coast. "No," he said, "it is not necessary to know all the rocks, only the safe channel." Remember, though Christ has promised us a safe landing, He has not promised us a calm passage.

The Infidel and the Arab Traveler.

An infidel was once traveling with an Arab in a desert. Noticing that the Arab occasionally knelt to pray, the infidel asked him how he knew there was a God. The man of the desert asked him, pointing to a camel's track, how he knew a camel had been along there. Then pointing to the sun, he said that was God's foot-print, whereby he recognized Him.

Look Out, Traveler!

A Frenchman was traveling on a canal boat in America. As the boat was passing under a bridge, the captain shouted, "Look out!" The man put out his head and got a thump. "What foolish folks these Americans are!" he said, "they say 'look out' when they mean look in."

But much more foolish are they who do not "look out" for their souls, as they travel from this to the eternal world.

A Night Cry on a Train.

In a pleasant letter to the *Arkansas Methodist*, Bishop Galloway, of the M. E. Church, South, had the following to say of prohibition in Mississippi:

Coming down from Chicago, I was amused and pleased at an announcement by the Pullman porter. It was night, and we were in Illinois. He went through the coach and cried with a loud voice:

"Gentlemen, all you who wants beer or anything to drink, must buy it to-night. In de mornin' we'll be in Mississippi, and you can't get nothin' down dare."

I felt, but I didn't say, 'Hurrah for Mississippi!'

A Night on the Cars.

Jennie M. Bingham contributed the following to the *Epworth Herald:*

Benjamin F. Taylor gives us an incident in which the hymn, "I Will Sing You a Song of that Beautiful Land," appears as a sort of traveler's psalm. He was on a train bound for California. He describes the passengers—the bore, the card-players, the knitter, the old lady that takes snuff. They got tired and cross and homesick. He says:

"There were two women seated together—plain women, say forty-five or fifty years old. They have good, open, friendly faces. There was the least touch of rural life about them. They would make capital country aunts to visit in mid-summer. If

they were mothers at all, they were good ones. So much you see.

"It was nearing toward 12 o'clock, when through the dull silence there rose a voice as dear and mellow and flexible as a girl's, of the quality that goes to the heart like the greeting of a true friend. It belonged to one of those women. She sat with her white face, a little seamed with time and trouble, turned neither to the right nor the left, seemingly unconscious that she had a listener. They were the old songs she sung, the most of them, such as the sweet young Methodists and Baptists, with their hair combed back, used to sing in the years that are gone. First it was

'Rock of Ages cleft for me,'

and then,

'Our day is gliding by.

The clear tones grew rounder and sweeter. Those that were awake listened; those that were asleep

AWOKE ALL AROUND HER.

Some left their seats and came nearer; but she never noticed them. A brakeman who had never heard a 'psalm tune' since his mother led him to church by the hand when he was a little boy, and who was rattling the stove as if he were fighting a chained maniac, laid down the poker and stood still. At last she struck up:

'I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

Oh that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.'

The car was a wakeful hush long before she had ended; it was as if a beautiful spirit were floating through the air. None that heard will ever forget. Phillip Phillips can never bring that 'home of the soul' any nearer to anybody. And never, I think, was quite so sweet a voice lifted in the storm of a November night on the rolling plains of Iowa. It was a year ago. The singer's name, home and destination no one learned; but the thought of one listener follows her with an affectionate interest. Is she living? Surely singing wherever she is. I bid her God-speed.

SHE CHARMED AND CHEERED

the November gloom with carols of the celestial city. She passed with the full dawn of the coming out of our lives, and there is a strange ache at the heart as we think so. Whoever heard her that night could write her epitaph. They could say:

Sacred to the Memory
of
The Woman with the Songs in the Night.

Some one says on Sunday travel: "Make your arrangements to stop, if possible, in some place where you can enjoy suitable religious privileges."

"Post Haste Three Hundred Miles," and Why.

The following is a condensation from an article published in *The Vanguard:*

He had been a Roman Catholic in a benighted part of Europe. A Bible had fallen into his hands, and he became converted to God. His experience was so wonderful that he thought no one had a similar one, simply because he had never met a person who gave evidence of such a great spiritual transformation.

One day, however, he found a tract, showing that at least the writer of it had the same delightful experience. Off he started post haste three hundred miles to find the man. His wife thought him crazy. When he came back, his testimony was such as to result in the conversion of his wife and of many of his neighbors, the parish priest being one of the number.

Traveled all the Way from Africa to America to Learn More About the Holy Ghost.

From an article written by the Rev. Stephen Merritt, for the *Christian Alliance and Foreign Missionary Weekly*, I take the chief points:

Samuel Morris was a genuine African youth. After his conversion he came in contact with a young female missionary from the United States. He walked miles to have a talk with her about divine things.

The young lady missionary was full of the Holy

Spirit, and poured into the soul of the young man of this fullness. Still he longed for more, and went to her a number of times to talk on the subject nearest to his heart. He became enraptured and hungered and thirsted for still greater revelations. Finally the youthful missionary said to him:

"If you want to know any more, you must go to Stephen Merritt, of New York; he told me all I know of the Holy Ghost."

"I am going," was the young man's emphatic answer.

That was the last the young lady saw of Sammy Morris. Many weary miles did he travel before reaching the ocean. At length, after he met the captain of a vessel, he asked him to take him to New York.

CURSES AND A KICK

was the main answer he got. But to the refusal Sammy replied, "Oh, yes, you will."

After several applications to be taken on the boat, the captain asked, "What can you do?"

"Anything," was the answer, meaning he was willing to do anything he could.

Finally the captain said to his men, "Take this boy aboard."

After having started, the captain found that he knew nothing about the sea or vessel life. More cuffs, kicks and curses followed. But Sammy Morris' heart was full of peace and glad expectation. Having been sent to work on the ship where he came in contact with the captain—for the Spirit's

power was wonderfully manifested through the young African—

THE CAPTAIN WAS CONVICTED AND CONVERTED,

and the holy fire ran through the vessel until a large number of the crew were also saved. After this nothing was too good for the uncouth and once despised youth.

After landing at New York he asked the first man he met, "Where's Stephen Merritt?" "He lives three or four miles off, but I know him and can take you to him."

On meeting Mr. Merritt the youth said: "I am Sammy Morris, and have *just come from Africa to talk to you about the Holy Ghost.*"

"Have you any letters of introduction?"

"No; had no time to wait."

"Well, all right. I am going to a prayer-meeting. Will you go into the mission next door until my return?"

When Mr. Merritt called to meet his new guest he found him on the platform with

SEVENTEEN MEN DOWN ON THEIR FACES

rejoicing in the pardoning love of Jesus, as a result of the Holy Ghost in this colored young man.

On the following Sunday Mr. Merritt asked the young man—only about twenty years old, and uncultured and uncultivated—to speak to the Sunday-school.

"I was never in a Sunday-school, but all right,"

was the reply. In a few minutes the altar was full of young people, weeping and sobbing, such was the power of the Holy Spirit that accompanied his few remarks.

One day Mr. Merritt took Sammy Morris in his coach to see the city. Soon the young man said, "Stephen Merritt,

DO YOU EVER PRAY IN YOUR COACH?"

"Oh, yes, I often have good times with the Lord while riding about."

"We will pray," said Sammy; and, after both had knelt, he began telling the Holy Ghost how he had come all the way from Africa "to talk to me about Him, and that I talked about everything else, and wanted to show him the church, and the city, and the people, when he was so desirous of hearing and knowing about Him; and he asked Him if He would not so fill me with Himself that I would never speak or write or preach only of Him."

Mr. Merritt adds: "There were three of us in that coach that day. Never have I known such a day—we were filled with the Holy Ghost; and He made him the channel by which I became instructed and then endued as never before."

Afterwards some friends sent Sammy Morris to a university to be educated. The school was spiritually revolutionized by his presence. In several months the president of the institution was written to and asked for a bill of expenses.

"Nothing to pay," was the reply, "and if you

have any more like Sammy Morris, send them along."

He lived and died in the Holy Ghost.

Crooked Path Travelers.

This is an olden time route of travel, for of it David testified as follows (Ps. 125 : 5): "As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity."

In Prov. 2 : 15, we find Solomon catalogues these "crooked path" travelers. With him they are companions of those who "leave the paths of righteousness to walk in the path of darkness."

Isaiah (59 : 7–9) thus graphically describes the crooked path traveler : "Their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed innocent blood; their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity; wasting and destruction are in their paths. The way of peace they know not; and there is no judgment in their goings; they have made them crooked paths; whosoever goeth therein shall not know peace."—*Rev. Isaiah Reed, in Christian Witness.*

Kind reader, do you belong to the "crooked path" traveler tribe, or do you travel in "the path of the just" which "is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day"—WHICH?—*A. W. O.*

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men."—Prov. 4 : 14.

What a Traveler Saw in Normandy.

An American traveler in Normandy says that in a country tavern he found the following printed card on the wall detailing the law of that land against intoxication:

"After two formal condemnations for scandalous and public drunkenness (mere committals do not count), the offender *ipso facto* incurs the following disabilities: 1, loss of vote; 2, may not be voted for; 3, may not serve on a jury; 4, may not exercise any administrative faculty (such as acting as executor of a will); 5, loses the right to carry arms."

A Saloon Keeper Traveling to Hell.

Years ago a saloon-keeper got on board an emigrant train, and some one asking him where he was going, he replied with an oath, "*I am going to hell!*"

He and an associate of his went upon a car by themselves. After the train started, his companion had a presentiment of danger, and suggested to M— that they had better change their position. He answered with an oath that he was not afraid of the cars. His companion left him and went to another part of the train.

Within five minutes after, the axletree of the car on which M— was riding broke, the car turned completely over, M— fell beneath it, and was *instantly crusheh to death.*

Several other cars were thrown from the track,

and some of them were completely shivered. And though the cars were laden, some with passengers and some with horses, no other one, either man or beast, was seriously injured.

Dear reader, whither are *you* traveling? There are two ways leading to eternity—the way of holiness and the way of sin. One terminates in heaven, the other in hell. In one or the other of these ways you are traveling. The termination of one or the other you will soon reach. Do not deceive yourself. Heaven does not lie at the end of sin. Hell does not lie at the end of the way of holiness.

Making Others Happy While Traveling.

Not long since a friend informed me, upon my solicitation for a few incidents of travel, that on a certain occasion, while on a train, he noticed two little children, restless and weary, in charge of their fatigued mother. This friend gave the little ones some candy, and also a beautiful picture which he cut from a magazine he had been reading.

Thus not only were the two children made happy, but the tired mother's face lit up with an expression of delight and appreciation. That friend was Bishop W. Horn, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Life itself is but a journey, and how often, as we travel along, we may minister to the happiness of others, both as to their bodies and souls. In so doing, we shall only be imitating the example of our blessed Lord.—*A. W. Orwig.*

Would Not Take a Parlor Car.

In 1880, while traveling to the Round Lake (N. Y.) National Camp-meeting, I saw a railroad employe trying to persuade an aged couple, noted for their liberality and philanthropic work generally, to take a parlor car. They were told that unless they did so, they would be obliged to change cars before reaching their destination.

"We are well able to do so," replied the old gentleman, although about eighty years of age.

And, turning to me with a smile, the old lady, apparently hale and hearty, said: "Seventy five cents will scatter a good many tracts."—*A. W. O.*

A Young Man's Sad Confession on a Train.

Rev. M. W. Knapp, of Cincinnatti, evangelist and author, sends the following for this book:

While traveling on a train between Grand Rapids and Lansing, in the Summer of 1894, my attention was arrested by the appearance of a very prepossessing young man. He seemed drawn towards me, approached me, and in answer to a few questions which naturally followed, made the following confessions:

He had flagged the train where it was not scheduled to stop, and then jumped on to it. He was fearing arrest for the crime. His father and mother were Methodists, and himself a college graduate. He had been to a gold cure estalishment for treat-

ment. "Wine and women," said he, "have been my ruin."

He also confessed that he had feigned piety for the sake of ruining his victims. When exhorted to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, he declared himself to be an infidel.

In early life he said that he had listened to the teachings of Ingersol and found himself swayed by them. He said he hoped it would be different when we met again.

Thus blighted and ruined, he appears a warning illustration of the fruits of infidel teachings.

Peaceful Amid a Railroad Wreck.

Rev. W. B. Godbey, of Perryville, Ky., well known over the South as a successful evangelist, wrote to *The Way of Life*, of Atlanta, Ga., concerning his experience in a terrible railroad wreck, as follows:

As we shot forward seven hundred feet amid crash and smash during the accident, all the people I saw leaped and screamed, some of them jumping from the train. A dancing mistress in the car near me jumped and screamed terrifically.

I kept my seat unmoved, without fear or excitement of any kind. I was perfectly becalmed in Jesus, ready for any fate. I was looking out for the New Jerusalem.

We spent the night in the wreck, as we were quite out in the wild West, no house in sight over the prairie. I attended to my devotions, and lay down

amid the wreck, fourteen hundred miles from home, and rested as calm and peaceful as if I had been in my precious wife's humble cottage amid the beautiful blue-grass fields of dear old Kentucky, till awakened by the clangor of the relief train and the glad news "off again."

Took Her Religion Along When She Traveled.

A beautiful instance of Christian integrity is given of a distinguished Christian lady who was spending a few weeks in a hotel at Long Branch.

An attempt was made to induce her to attend a dance in order that the affair might have the prestige bestowed by her presence, as she stood high in society. She declined all the importunities of her friends.

Finally an honorable Senator tried to persuade her to attend, saying, "Miss B., this is quite a harmless affair, and we want the exceptional honor of your presence."

"Senator," said the lady, "I cannot do it; I am a Christian; I never do anything in my Summer vacation, or wherever I go, that will injure the influence I have over the girls of my Sunday-school class."

The Senator bowed and said, "I honor you; if there were more Christians like you, more men like myself would become Christians."—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

Devotional Exercises on a Train.

The editor of *The United Presbyterian* wrote the following in June, 1894:

On our way home from the General Assembly (held in the distant West) we had worship on the train morning and evening, as when going out.

As we did not have a special train on the return trip, and had travelers with us not of our company, before engaging in worship we asked these strangers traveling with us if devotional exercises would be agreeable to them; in every instance they answered in the affirmative, and heartily joined with us. They seemed greatly to enjoy the singing, and sometimes made special requests for more of it.

One brother, an Episcopalian, who had never enjoyed worship in the same circumstances, expressed his gratification with the exercises, and the hope that such services would become more common.

A Touching Scene on a Train.

Sometime about the commencement of the year 1871, a train was passing over the Northwestern railroad, between Oskaloosa and Madison. In two of the seats, facing each other, sat three lawyers engaged at cards. Their fourth player had just left the carriage, and they needed another to take his place.

"Come, Judge, take a hand," they said to a grave magistrate, who sat looking on, but whose face in-

dicated no approval of the play. He shook his head, but after repeated urgings, finally, with a flushed countenance, took a seat with them and the playing went on.

A VENERABLE WOMAN,

gray and bent with years, sat and watched the judge from her seat near the end of the railway carriage. After the game had progressed a while, she arose, and with trembling hand and almost overcome with emotion, approached the group. Fixing her eyes intently on the judge, she said in a tremulous voice:

"Do you know me, Judge ——?"

"No, mother, I don't remember you," said the judge pleasantly. "Where have we met?"

"My name is Smith," said she; "I was with my poor boy three days, off and on, in the court room at Oskaloosa, when he was tried for—for—for robbing somebody, and you are the same man that sent him to prison for ten years, and he died there last June."

ALL FACES WERE NOW ABSORBED,

and the passengers began to gather around and stand up, all over the car, to listen to and see what was going on. She did not give the judge time to answer her, but becoming more and more excited, she went on:

"He was a good boy, if you did send him to jail. He helped us clear the farm, and when father was took sick and died, he done all the work, and we

were getting along right smart. He was a stiddy boy until

HE GOT TO CARD PLAYIN' AND DRINKIN',

and then, somehow, he didn't like to work after that, and stayed out often till mornin' and he'd sleep so late, and I couldn't wake him when I knowed he'd been out so late the night afore. And then the farm kinder run down, and then we lost the team; one of them got killed when he'd been to town one awful cold night. He stayed late, and I suppose they had got cold standin' out, and got skeered and broke loose, and run most home, but run agin a fence, and a stake run into one of 'm, and when we found it next mornin' it was dead, and the other was standin' under the shed.

"And so after awhile he coaxed me to let him sell the farm and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter work. And so I did, as we couldn't do nothin' on the farm. But he grew worse than ever, and after a while he couldn't get any work, and wouldn't do anything but

GAMBLE AND DRINK ALL THE TIME.

I used to do everything I could to get him to quit and be a good, industrious boy agin, but he used to get mad after a while, and once he struck me, and then in the mornin' I found he had taken what little money there was left of the farm, and he run off. After that time I got along as well as I could, cleanin' house for folks and washin', but I didn't hear nothin' of him for four or five years; but when

he got arrested and was took up to Oskaloosa for trial, he writ to me."

By this time there was

NOT A DRY EYE IN THE CAR,

and the cards had disappeared. The old lady was weeping silently and speaking in snatches. But recovering herself, she went on:

"But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire a lawyer, and I believe he is here somewhere," looking around. "Oh, yes, there he is, Mr. ——," pointing to lawyer ——, who had not taken part in the play. "And this is the man, I am sure, who argued agin him," pointing to Mr. ——, the district attorney. "And you, Judge ——, sent him to prison for ten years; 'spose it was right, for the poor boy told me that he really did rob the bank, but he must have been drunk, for they had all been playin' keards most all the night and drinkin'.

"But, oh, dear! it seems to me kinder as though if he hadn't got to playin' keards he might 'a been alive yet. But when I used to tell him it was wrong and bad to play, he used to say, 'Why,

MOTHER, EVERYBODY PLAYS NOW.

I never bet only for the candy or the cigars, or something like that.' And when we heard that the young folks played keards down to Mr. Culver's donation party, and that Squire Ring was going to get a billiard table for his young folks to play on at home, I couldn't do nothin' with him.

"We used to think it was awful to do that way when I was young, but it jist seems to me as if everybody was goin' wrong now-a-days into something or other.

"But maybe it isn't right for me to talk to you, Judge, in this way; but it jist seemed to me the

VERY SIGHT OF THEM KEARDS

would kill me, Judge; I thought if you only knew how I felt, you would not play on so; and then to think, right here before these young folks! Maybe, Judge, you don't know how younger folks, especially boys, look up to such as you; and then I can't help thinking that maybe if them that ought to know better than to do so, and them as are better larnt than all that, would set sich examples, my Tom would be alive and carin' for his poor old mother; but now there ain't any of my family left but me and my poor grandchile, my dater's little girl, and we are going to stop with my brother in Illinoy."

Tongue of men or angel never preached a more eloquent sermon than that gray, withered old lady, trembling with old age, excitement and fear that she was doing wrong. I can't recall half she said, as she, poor, lone, beggared widow, stood before the noble looking men and pleaded the cause of the rising generation. The look they bore as she

POURED FORTH HER SORROWFUL TALE

was indescribable. To say that they looked like criminals at the bar would be a faint description.

I can imagine how they felt. The old lady tottered to her seat, and taking her little grandchild in her lap, hid her face on her neck. The little one stroked her gray hair with one hand, and said: "Don't cry, grandma; don't cry, grandma."

Eyes unused to weeping were red for many a mile on that journey. And I can hardly believe that any one who witnessed that scene

EVER TOUCHED A CARD AGAIN.

It is but just to say that when the passengers came to themselves they generously responded to the judge, who, hat in hand, silently passed through her little audience to receive a collection for her.

"I Had Rather Have a Father."

We saw a widow and her daughters traveling, and they had every luxury and traveled extensively, never seeming to have a wish ungratified. In conversation I said to the young ladies:

"You are greatly blessed to be able to go where you please, see every place of interest with such comfort, such education, and such delightful companions."

The sweet lady's cheeks shaded fast into crimson; she covered her eyes with her rich lace handkerchief, then sobbingly said, oh! so sadly: "I had rather have a father."

I felt bitterly rebuked; and when I am inclined to wish for more money, or to see more or enjoy

more of earth's goods, I fall back on the thought, I would rather have my dear ones; I cannot expect to have both."

Each one of us has something after all, which those we envy do not possess. Let us appreciate our friends more and thank God more for such unmeasured blessings. No money or place can make good the absence of a loving heart.—*Russell H. Conwell.*

A Little Traveler.

A pale little lad in a west-bound train glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

What's the trouble?" he asked. "Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

What is it, then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there—and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said gently, "and have you lost yours?"

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car, and they

would be kind to me; but I didn't show it to any one yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very soon," he said, and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear, little fellow, and begged him to come to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie had no lack of "mothering."—*New York Tribune.*

Swearing on a Train and Didn't Know It.

As I was once traveling on a railway train in Europe, three young men entered, whose company I joined. Near us sat three elderly ladies, who heard much of our conversation.

Soon there was a very animated and earnest conversation on the advantages and disadvantages of leaving "the old country" for a foreign land. At length our words grew few, for we were nearing the terminus, when one of the ladies said:

"You have been calculating profits and losses

in your new home; tell me, What can a man gain by swearing?"

The one to whom the question was put was fairly taken aback, as the sailors say, and looking appealingly around, he said:

"I didn't swear—I didn't swear; did I? did I?"

She gently replied, "I heard an oath awhile ago, and I thought it came from you; you are not angry with me, I hope, for saying so."

He immediately thanked his monitress, saying, "'Tis a bad habit, ma'am, and I didn't know I swore. I have a mother and sister in Bristol, as good Christians as any in England."

Beware of the first oath. Swearing, if indulged in, will soon become so much a matter of habit, that, like the young man alluded to, you will hardly know when an oath escapes your lips.

Two Ladies Riding on a Cowcatcher.

Receiving permission to ride thus on the Canadian Pacific railroad, one of them writes:

A wonderful two-hours' ride that was—the air whizzing past us, the huge engine panting and grunting at our backs, such a roar in our ears that we couldn't hear each other speak, and mingled feelings of danger and security that were exciting and thrilling indeed.

Presently came a tunnel, and a tunnel when riding on a cowcatcher is something to be remembered! I saw the narrow track in front of me van-

ish in a little black hole in the mountain side, and the next moment we were in that black hole and plunged into outer darkness. On and on the train rushed with a deafening noise through the cimmerian blackness. I had a vague feeling that I must hold fast for my life, my only idea the confident one that I should see light presently. The cold, heavy damp air whizzed past me, my ears were filled with the roar of the train, my eyes ached with staring ahead for the point of light which seemed never coming.

Then a tiny flash like a star appeared, and in a moment we were out of the black darkness and into the sunshine with the green trees dancing in the light and the blue sky above us. Was there ever sky so blue before, or sun that shone so brightly on green pine trees? Would ever air again seem so fresh and warm and pure?

We looked at each other across the huge engine, and though we couldn't hear ourselves speak, we waved our hands and laughed with joy at being once more in the open air.

The Christian and the Infidel Travelers.

"I don't like stopping here; it is very dangerous."

"Well, let us try," said the other.

So they went into a house; but it looked so suspicious that neither of them liked it. Presently the landlord said:

"Gentlemen, I always read and pray with my family before going to bed; will you allow me to do so to-night?"

"Yes," they answered, "with the greatest pleasure."

When they went up stairs to bed, the infidel said, "I am not at all afraid now."

"Why?" asked the Christian.

"Because our host has prayed."

"Oh!" said the other, "after all you think something of religion; because a man prays you can go to sleep in his house."

And it was marvelous how both of them slept. Sweet dreams they had, for they felt where the house was roofed by prayer, and walled with devotion, there could not be found a man living that would do them an injury.

Went Traveling to Escape the Prayers of Friends!

In a revival meeting in a town in Minnesota a number of earnest Christians became deeply interested in the salvation of a young lady who sang in the choir. They determined to pray for her that God would save her. It reached her ears and she rebelled in her heart. She said within herself:

"I will go away and see how much good their prayers will do."

Accordingly she took the train for Chicago the next day. In a few weeks word came to her father that she was ill. So he took the first train and

brought his daughter home. Quick consumption was preying upon her, and it was evident that her days on earth were few.

Her friends gathered around her, anxious to know whether she was prepared to go or not. She refused to say anything to them, only that there was no hope for her. Near the end she said:

"I learned that you were intending to pray for me, so I resolved to go to Chicago and see how much good your praying would do. The very moment I stepped aboard the train, the Spirit left me, never to return. I know that

I AM LOST, LOST, LOST!"

Nothing could be done for her, and she died in that condition. It is a fearful thing to trifle with the Spirit of God.

A Traveler and the Strange Placard.

Among the mountains of Switzerland is a small hostelry where tourists are accustomed to stop and refresh themselves before making the grand ascent. In the waiting-room in this inn is a placard suspended in plain sight, containing, in large type, these three words—

"DO IT NOW!"

When the inn-keeper was asked the meaning of this, he explained that he was continually bothered by tourists asking him when they should go here, or when they should go there, or when they should do this, that or the other thing; and so he had the

placard put up, that it might save him the trouble of answering so many questions.

Wise man! No doubt many a tourist has had occasion to thank him for opening his eyes to the danger of procrastination; for often the printed protest, the silent admonition, will have more effect than the spoken word.

We are all traveling up the mountain heights, and are more or less disturbed by anxious doubts and fears; and it would be well if we kept before our eyes this simple admonition—"*Do it now.*" And what a world of trouble it would save us to-morrow, if we were careful to do all that we ought to do to-day.—*Josephine Pollard.*

"Traveling into a Far Country."

Once Christ was on earth, but He has gone to the "far country." Before He left He said, "The kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country." You know the rest—the parable of the talents.

There are *two* far-off countries. To which are *you* traveling? You can easily decide the question by applying the teachings of the parable to your own life. See Matth. 25: 14–30.—*A. W. O.*

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you; come thou with us, and we will do thee good."—Numb. 10: 29.

Modes of Travel in India.

ON FOOT, BY RAILROAD, ON CART, PONY, AND BICYCLE.

A missionary in India has variety in his means of travel. He may walk if he choose, but he is never a long distance pedestrian. If, in that land of deliberate action, he be in a real American hurry, perhaps he will be fortunate enough to live near the railroad and can ride on the Royal Mail, bumping over a narrow guage road at the average rate of seventeen miles per hour. This is in Southern India. In the north they make better time.

If touring be part of the missionary's duties he will have a bullock cart, whose driver sits on the tongue of the vehicle and kicks the bullocks with his bare toes or twists their tails to increase their speed. The natives travel leisurely in bullock carts, averaging two or three miles an hour, but in a public conveyance one may attain the speed of eight miles an hour on a down grade.

Then, too, I have ridden my Pegu pony on narrow mountain roads, and have by his stumbling been pitched over his head at the edge of a precipice.

But, pleasanter than all these modes of travel, though not as convenient under all circumstances, is the silent steed of rubber and steel that has been my companion on many a mile in Southern India.

The bicycle is a never-ending source of wonder to native minds. They crowd around the machine to examine it if it is at rest, or gaze in astonishment

as the cycler speeds by them. Often it is a source of terror as well.—*Rev. H. L. Bailey, in Congregationalist.*

Why Four Indians Traveled Three Thousand Miles.

In 1832 four Indians of the Flathead tribe, living on the Pacific coast, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and traversing three thousand miles of intervening wilderness appeared at St. Louis. They had been sent by their nation to inquire about the white man's God and the book that revealed Him, of both of which they had heard from a trapper and hunter who had witnessed some of their pagan rites, and told them that they were wrong in their worship, and that far to the east the white man had a book that revealed the true God. Two of the Indians, worn out with the long journey, died in St. Louis. The zeal of these Indians aroused so much interest that a mission was at once organized to send the Gospel beyond the Rocky Mountains.—*Dr. J. M. Reid.*

A Traveler Sees a Singular Sight in Germany.

A traveler in Germany saw a very singular sight in a tavern where he stopped for dinner. After dinner the landlord put on the floor a great dish of soup, and then gave a loud whistle. There came into the room a big dog, a large cat, an old raven, and a very large rat with a bell around its neck. They all four went to the dish, and, without disturbing each other, fed from the dish. After they

had dined, the dog, cat, and rat lay before the fire, while Mr. Raven, in his black coat, hopped around the room.

The landlord had trained these animals so that not one of them offered to hurt any of the others. He said that the rat was the most useful of the four; for the noise it made by tinkling its bells, as it went through the house, drove all the rats and mice away.

If a dog and a rat, a cat and a bird, can live happily together, shouldn't the members of every household be able to do so?

An Old Rancher's Victory on a Train.

A railroad coach containing twelve or fifteen cultured persons from the East was detained between stations in the far Northwest.

Among the passengers was an old rancher, uncouth and unstyled, who had probably gotten into the first-class sleeper by mistake. It was a sociable little company. The solitude of the surroundings licensed each passenger to feel that his companion was his friend.

The conversation drifted from one subject to another, and finally settled down upon the matter of "accomplishments," and finally it was agreed that each person should tell of his own excellence.

One young man said he was a successful lawyer of New York city, and was on Easy street.

A young lady was in the higher ranks of the ar-

tists, and works of hers were known far and wide.

Another young lady was a musician, and her touch was wonderful.

Another young man was financier for a large mercantile business of Chicago.

Thus it ran back and forth from man to woman, telling of their accomplishments and works. After a while some one jokingly asked the rancher to tell of what his good qualities consisted.

The contrast was a success. He had already seen through the situation, and with the honest conviction and force of uncultured character that is often found in individuals of this kind who pass their life in solitude almost, with a sweet, pure woman, he began:

"I cannot paint. All good pictures have a beauty about them to me, but the fine paintings you mention have nothing more for me than beauty. I cannot make a speech. The presence of your big mercantile establishments frighten me as a horse is frightened at other things. Of music I am entirely without knowledge, but my accomplishments are such that if you have them not you are nothing, and that is this:

"My wife believes with all her heart and soul, and all her mind, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and that God answers prayers, and so do I."

Silence reigned for a full minute, and a sweet alto voice struck up: "Nearer my God to Thee," followed by every voice in the car, while the old

ranchman's face beamed with joy, and love for his wife, alone with her children in her lonely dwelling in some rugged canyon, and his faith in her prayers. He was the hero of the occasion.—*Christian Standard.*

A Quaker's Good Shot in a Stage-Coach.

Several persons, among them a Quaker, were crossing the Alleghany mountains in a stage. A lively discussion arose on the subject of temperance; and the liquor business and those engaged in it were handled without gloves.

One of the company remained silent. After enduring it as long as he could, he said:

"Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor dealer. I keep a public house of ——; but I would have you know that I have a license and keep a decent house.

"I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough he can get no more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business."

He thought he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so. The Quaker said:

"Friend, that is the most damaging part of thy business. If thee would only sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them.

"But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent and unsuspecting, and makes drunkards and loafers of them.

"When their character and money are gone, thee kicks them out, and turns them over to other shops to be finished off; and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin."

Wonderfully Calm in Time of Danger.

Concerning the conduct of passengers on a wrecked ocean steamer, a writer says:

"Never have I seen people so calm and resigned as the passengers of the Ville du Havre. Not one shriek, not one cry, was heard, from the moment the Loch Earn struck us to the moment we went down. Every one was composed and wonderfully calm.

"A young lady was pressing her mother on her breast, saying, 'Courage, dear mother; it will be one minute's struggle, then we shall enter heaven together.'

"Four sweet little girls were surrounding their mother and two friends that were with her, saying, 'Let us pray; let us ask God to keep us.' About ten or twelve ladies, a little beyond, were engaged in earnest prayer. I have never witnessed such a manifestation of the power of faith.

"After we had been taken on board the Trimountain, we had religious services every day—one day in English and the next day in French. All the

rescued officers of the Ville du Havre and the passengers were regularly present.

"No words can describe the meek and submissive attitude of the ladies after the catastrophe. The poor mother, whose four children had gone down, almost dead with cold and fatigue, told me when we met on the Loch Earn, 'the Lord had given me those dear little ones; He takes them away. I shall submit to His will.'"

Traveler, Let Your Light Shine.

During the voyage to India, I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling quite ill, as the sea was rising fast and I was a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of "man overboard!" made me spring to my feet.

I heard a tramping overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man.

"What can I do?" I asked myself, and instantly unhooked my lamp. I held it near the top of my cabin, and close to my bull's eye window that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, "It's right, he's safe," upon which I put my lamp in its place.

The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by timely light which shone upon him

that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.

Christian worker, never despond or think there is nothing for you to do, even in dark and weary days. "Looking unto Jesus," lift up your light; let it "so shine" that men ready to sink into eternal night may be rescued.

The Traveler's Tree.

There is a tree which grows in Madagascar called the "Traveler's Tree," which is of the greatest service to the tired and thirsty travelers in that tropical climate. This wonderful tree has no branches, the leaves growing from the trunk and spreading out like the sections of a fan. These leaves, of which there are not more than twenty-four on each tree, are from six to eight feet in length, and from four to six feet broad.

At the base of each leaf is a kind of cup containing about a quart of cool, sweet water. The natives save themselves the trouble of climbing the tree by throwing a spear, which pierces the leaf at the spot where the water is stored. The water then flows down into the vessel held beneath it, and the traveler is enabled to continue his journey, cheered and refreshed by the precious liquid nature has so kindly provided for his use.

What a beautiful symbol of the water of life, of which the Scriptures speak, and of which all are invited freely to drink!

A Traveler Sees Two Girls Murdered.

When Du Chaillu, the famous traveler, was passing through Central Africa, he saw two poor girls murdered for some supposed evil deed. That night a brother of one of the murdered girls came to his tent to sob out his grief where no one would hear him; and after the traveler had tried to comfort him in his agonizing woe, the poor fellow said:

"Oh, Cholly, when you go back to your far country, will you send men to us poor people to teach us from what you call God's mouth?"

Across the Ocean Sixty-Two Times.

A sea captain was urged to drink a glass of wine with a friend, but he politely refused.

"Why," said the friend, "I am surprised to find a sea captain refusing wine. I thought they were all good livers, and ready to drink with a friend at any time for good fellowship."

"Well, yes, a great many men who follow the sea do like a glass now and then, and I used to, too, but it brought me to grief, and now I would not take wine or brandy any sooner than I would poison. I will tell you how I happened to change my habits:

"Years ago I left my ship at Newport with a few companions and went on shore for a carouse; we had it, and I left the saloon to join the vessel, which lay alongside the dock. In my drunken imbecility

I fell between the vessel and the dock, and had I not been caught by some of the gearing I should have been drowned. As I crept into my hammock that night, I made a resolution never to touch alcoholic drink again. That resolution I have kept up to now, and mean to keep. I have crossed the ocean sixty-two times, without tasting a drop of liquor of any sort, and I am better off every way without it."

An Infidel Worsted by a Blind Man on a Train.

Rev. John Mitchell relates the following incident of a noted infidel who, traveling in a car in which a minister was seated, at once commenced an argument with the clergyman in a loud tone that could be heard all over the car.

Among the passengers was a blind man who, for a time listened attentively. Seeing he was giving attention, the infidel turned suddenly to him in a pause in the discussion and said:

"Do you, sir, believe in a God who has made this beautiful earth, and the sun to shine upon it, and who has adorned the heavens with myriads of stars, and yet, without any offence on your part, has deprived you forever of the power of beholding them?"

"I am surprised, my dear sir," replied the man, "that you should ask me such a question. I do believe in the existence of God as firmly as I do in my own, and I could doubt the one as easily as the other. There is, however, one thing that strikes me as being very peculiar in what you have said.

When you reason of God you do not seem to be governed by the same principles as when reasoning about men and the common affairs of every-day life."

The infidel denied the inference, and the blind man continued:

"Suppose, on reaching your home and entering your room you find a lighted lamp upon the table, what will be your conclusion?"

"Why," answered the infidel with a sneer, "I shall conclude that some one placed it there."

"Well, then, when you look into the heavens and see those innumerable lights of which you have spoken, why do you not come to the same conclusion, some intelligent being placed them there?"

The skeptic suddenly declined to talk any more on the subject, but it was evident to all the passengers that he felt thoroughly humbled and uncomfortable.

An Old Negro's Kindness to Travelers.

Up to the year 1881 there stood a little cabin near a station on the railway between Richmond and Atlanta in which lived an old negro. In his field was a well, the water of which he believed to have some curative properties, and it was the old man's delight when the train stopped once a day to go through it with a tray of clean cups filled with the sparkling drink.

"Try it, sir! Gib a drink to de chile. Bes' water on yerth!" he would say.

"Do drink some, sah. You may nebah hab a chance to taste it again."

He was of course offered money, but he never took it. "Couldn't sell *dis* watah, sah. It's my pleasure to gib it to you," he would reply with lofty kindness, as he passed on.

Perhaps no purer hospitality was ever offered. Some, at least, of the thirsty travelers were touched by it, and as the old man hobbled back to his cabin, felt that they had been refreshed by something finer than any drink.

This beautiful incident reminds one of that infinitely better water of which all may partake "without money and without price."

Kind reader, have you partaken of it?

A Traveler Sees a Wonderfully Strange Thing on an Island.

On the Island of Java grows a tree, the leaves of which are said to be a deadly poison to all venomous reptiles. The odor of the leaf is so offensive to the whole snake family that if they come near the plant in their travels, they immediately turn about and take an opposite direction.

A traveler on the island noticed one day a peculiar fluttering and cry of distress from a bird high above his head. Looking up, he saw a mother-bird hovering round a nest of little ones in such a frightened and perplexed manner as to cause him to stop and examine into the trouble. Going around to

the other side of the tree, he found a large snake climbing slowly up the tree in the direction of the little nest.

It was beyond his reach; and, since he could not help the little feathered songster by dealing a death-blow, he sat down to see the result of the attack. Soon the piteous cry of the bird ceased, and he thought, "Can it be possible she has left her young to their fate, and has flown away to seek her own safety?"

No; for again he heard a fluttering of wings, and, looking up, saw her fly into the tree with a large leaf from this tree of poison and carefully spread it over her little ones. Then, alighting on a branch high above her nest, she quietly watched the approach of her enemy. His ugly, writhing body crept slowly along, nearer and still nearer, till within a foot of the nest; then, just as he opened his mouth to take in his dainty little breakfast,

DOWN HE WENT TO THE GROUND

as suddenly as though a bullet had gone through his head, and hurried off into the jungle beyond.

The little birds were unharmed; and, as the mother-bird flew down and spread her wings over them, the poison-leaf (poison only to the snake) fell at the feet of the traveler; and he felt, as never before, the force of the words, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father;" for who but He who made the dear little birds could have told this

one the power there was in this little leaf?—*Good Words.*

LOOK OUT FOR THE "OLD SERPENT."

Dear reader, are you protected from the poisonous fangs of the "Old Serpent" by being constantly under the blood of Jesus? Like the snake that would have devoured the little birds, so our great adversary "walketh about seeking whom he may devour." We need to beware of him.—*A. W. O.*

Why He Quit Traveling on Sunday.

A gentleman engaged in a large manufacturing concern was in the habit of taking frequent journeys in connection with his business; and, in order to hasten his return to his family, he not unfrequently traveled on the evening of the Lord's-day. His little boy, on one of these occasions, said to his mother:

"How is it that dear papa, who is such a good man, travels on Sunday?"

"My dear, it is because he has so much to do. If he acted otherwise, he would not have 'a minute to spare' for his family."

"Mamma, does God let us break his commandments when it seems necessary to do so?"

On his return Mrs. M. related to her husband the child's remarks.

"My dear, it is the last time. Tell my boy I stand corrected. I trust I shall never again do what

may prove a stumbling block to our children. They shall never have to say that their father's example led them astray."

A Comforting Thought While Traveling.

A young lady was on her way to Italy, and passed in the railway tunnel under Mount Cenis. The mountain was right above her, covered with its pure, unblemished snow, and she was hidden beneath the everlasting hills.

"So it is with my soul," she said to herself. "The mountain of God's righteousness is over me, the covering of a snow-white robe of perfect righteousness hides me and all my sin. I am nothing, but Christ is everything."

A Touching Story Told on a Potomac River Steamer.

A party or Northern tourists formed part of a large company on a deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac in 1881.

A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart—"Jesus, lover of my soul."

The singer gave the first two verses with much

feeling and a peculiar emphasis on the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for several seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with,

"Beg your pardon, stranger; but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously; "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side; and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was about such a night as this. If I am not mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand; you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand. The shadow hid you. As you paced back and forth, you were humming the tune you have just sung. I raised my gun

AND AIMED AT YOUR HEART;

and I had been selected by our commander because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang,

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.'

Your prayer was answered. I could not fire after that, and there was no attack made on your camp

that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said, with much emotion,

"I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He has created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cared for the sparrow, how much more for man, created in His own image; and

I SANG THE PRAYER OF MY HEART,

and ceased to feel alone.

Just how the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My heavenly Father thought it best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul' has been a favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

How good at all times, at home or abroad, whether we see danger or not, to pray: "Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings." (Ps. 17: 8.)

Travelers' Rest.

Before any railways penetrated the Alleghany Mountains, many poor emigrants in wagons and on horseback traveled the national road to the wilderness beyond the Ohio river.

Inns were few. Several of the wealthy planters in Maryland and Virginia erected near to the road cabins on their land in which were comfortable beds and a fireplace for the gratuitous use of these unknown people at night. They were marked Travelers' Rest, and left open and unguarded. None of the little comforts with which they were provided were ever stolen. Sometimes the tired travelers scrawled with charcoal on the wall before they went on their way a word of thanks to the kind hosts whose faces they would never see.

Few readers of these lines will probably ever have a chance to show kindness in these ways. But there are many other kinds of hospitality. . . .

We fulfill our duty, perhaps, to father, brother and friend. What space in our lives is given to the unknown traveler who passes us by?—*The Youths' Companion.*

In All Life's Travels, Take God Along.

Where God does not lead it is not safe for you to travel. If He goes not the way that you would like to travel, conform your likes to His will. If it be a way which He cannot travel, do you avoid it. —*Rev. James Miller.*

Traveling Through Fire!

That was an awfully eventful day, Sept. 3, 1894, when, during the terrible forest fires in Minnesota, a passenger train, between Duluth and St. Paul, was caught in the fearful holocaust, and its occupants came within a few seconds' time of being consumed in the fiercely and wide-spread raging element.

From the Chicago *Inter Ocean* I take this graphic account:

"'There's a storm coming, Jack,' said the engineer to McGowan, his fireman. But the clouds were not the beneficent carriers of rain. They were a death pall gathering about the train from fires of the forest that were even then feeding on villages and drinking up the blood of human victims.

"After a while these clouds wrapped the train so densely in their folds that the character of them became known to the half-stifled passengers, and terror entered in with them. The light of the engine could penetrate them only to reveal less than a hundred feet of track, and the speed of

THE TRAIN WAS A RUSH THROUGH CHAOS.

Soon the town of Hinckley was reached—no longer a town, but a heap of ashes and charred bones and yet burning flesh. As the train came to a standstill a hundred or two frightened wretches, fugitives from the consuming flames, clambered aboard in a frenzied way, piteously pleading to be hurried from the pursuing flames that even now leaped with a roar toward the engine.

"Root, with his hand upon the throttle, began a race for life back over the way he had come. But the flames pursued faster than the train could fly, and the heat of them shattered the glass of the windows, caught the wood-work of the cars, and blistered it into fire. Arms of flame reached in through the windows of the cab and caught the clothing of the engineer, so that the fireman had to fling buckets of water over him as he stood. The throttle became hot and scorched the palm that grasped it, but the tense muscles not for a moment relaxed their hold. The engineer stood to his post with a fidelity that the raging hell could not dismay. On ahead were the rank sedges and slimy waters of a swamp, the only haven of promised relief in all that fury of fire and smoke. To reach that before the train should become itself a running tongue of flame,

THE CARS ALREADY BURNING FIERCELY!

Any failure there at the throttle meant death to those men and women and children whom despair had seized. Three times overcome by the intolerant heat, the engineer fell to the floor of his cab, three times he dragged himself up to grasp the throttle again, the heart of him unfaltering, the brain of him calmly resolute.

"At last the swamp, and the headlong hurrying from the burning train; the engineer, exhausted, at last borne in the arms of those he had saved to a place of safety. And with a roar the flames burst upon the train and consumed it."

Another account speaks of the people, becoming

crazed by the heat, as jumping from the train into streams or sand heaps; and that, upon reaching Skunk lake, many plunged into it up to their wastes, bathing their burned faces in mud and water. Others were so seriously burned that they lay in the mud, covering themselves with it. A few died of suffocation within a short distance of the lake.

Dear reader,—We naturally exclaim, That was an awful affair—people fleeing from the pursuing, greedy flames, and yet so many caught in the devouring element! Awful indeed, but not near as awful as to be overtaken by the devouring fires of God's wrath! Are you on the route where such a great calamity can never befall you?—*A. W. O.*

Thankful Travelers.

"After five weeks of constant railroad travel, we are thankful for God's preserving care." How many forget to thank God for safe journeys! If it *should* be sudden *death*, would it be sudden *glory* to you?

Comforts for the Christian Traveler.

The Lord is thy keeper.—Ps. 121: 5.
Fear not, I am thy shield.—Gen. 15: 1.
Thy shoes shall be as iron.—Deut. 33: 25.
There shall no evil befall thee.—Ps. 91: 10.
Man's goings are of the Lord.—Prov. 20: 24.
The eternal God is thy refuge.—Deut. 33: 27.